MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 61 $5.95

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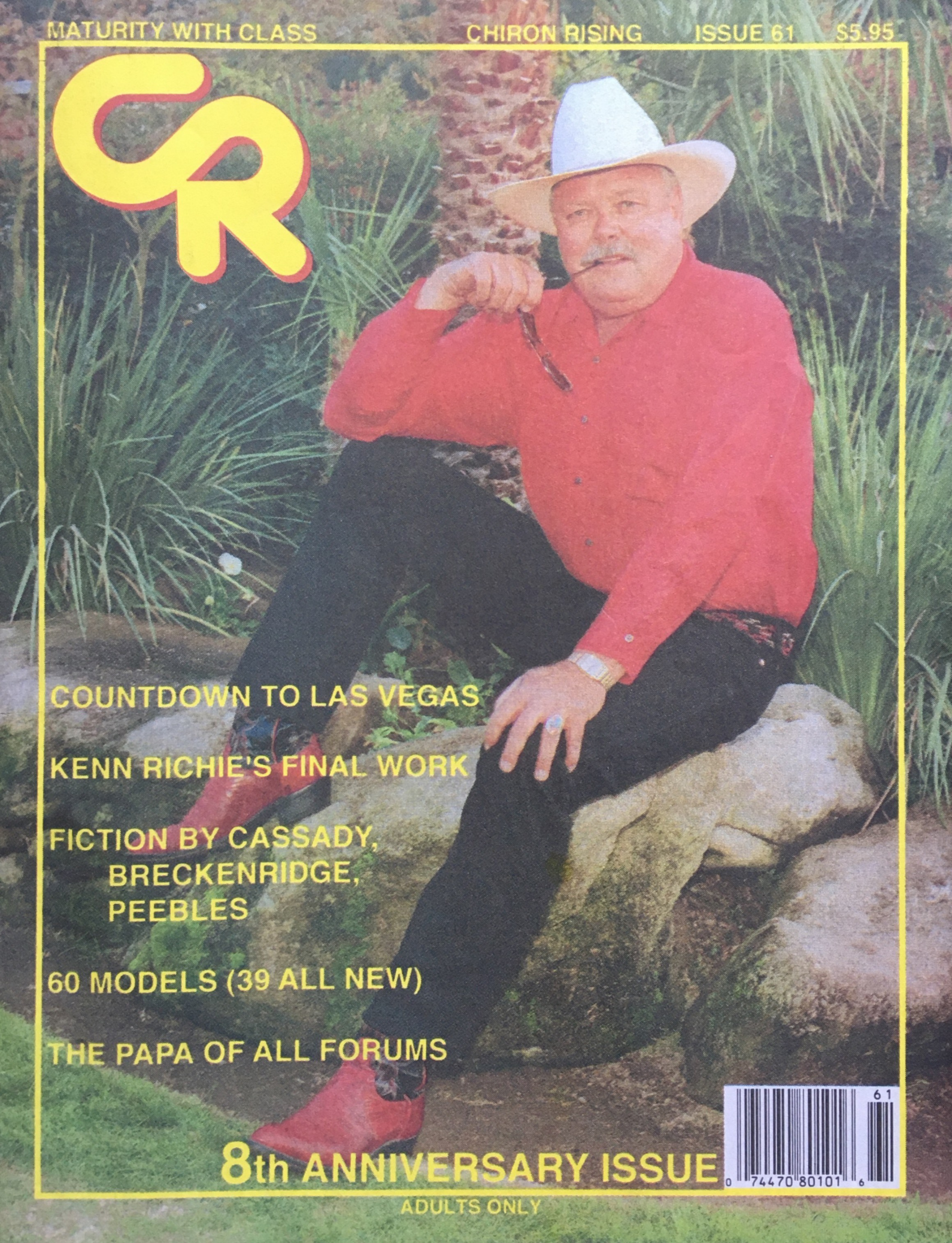

COUNTDOWN TO LAS VEGAS

KENN RICHIE'S FINAL WORK

FICTION BY CASSADY, BRECKENRIDGE, PEEBLES

60 MODELS (39 ALL NEW)

THE PAPA OF ALL FORUMS

8th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

61
0 74470 80101 6

ADULTS ONLY

THE MAGICIAN

PHOTO BY GLENN

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FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIMON BARR

CHIRON RISING ™ MAGAZINE ISSUE 61

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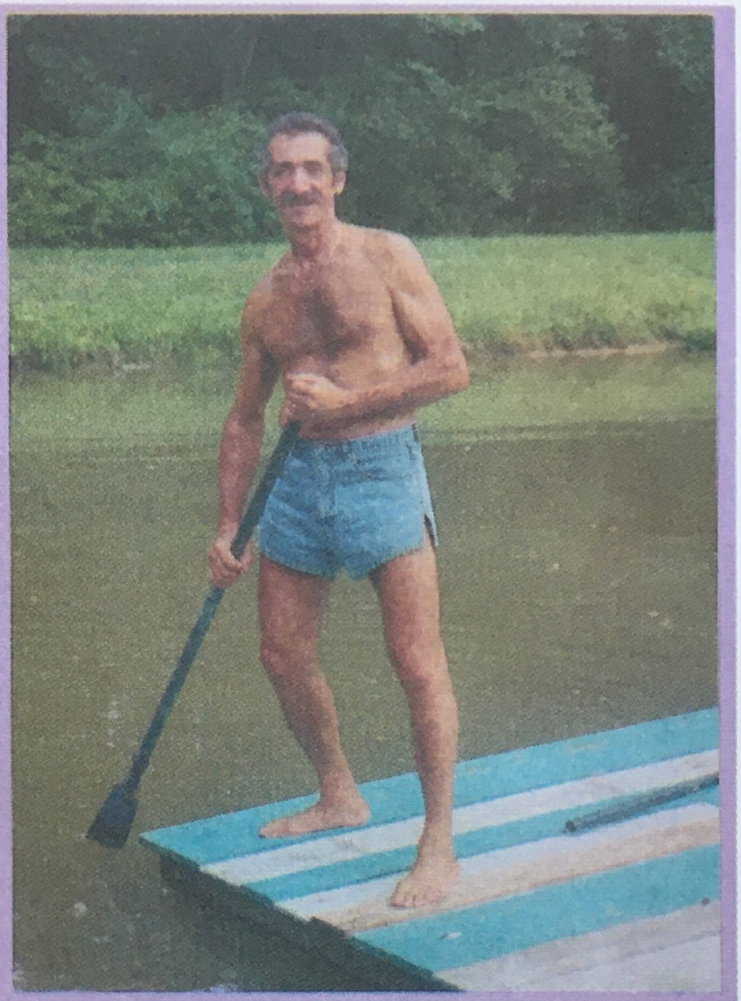
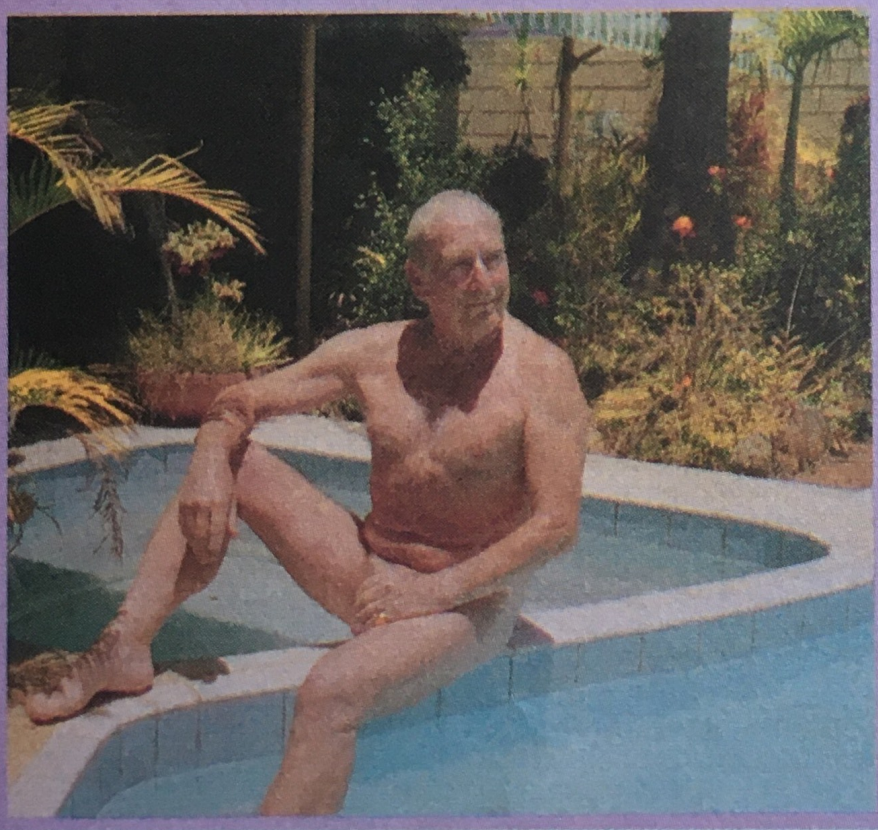
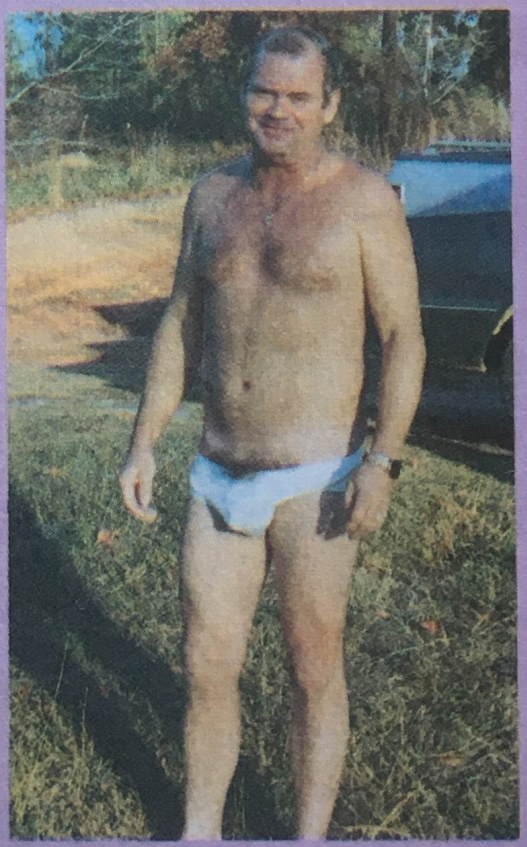
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

COOLING OFF



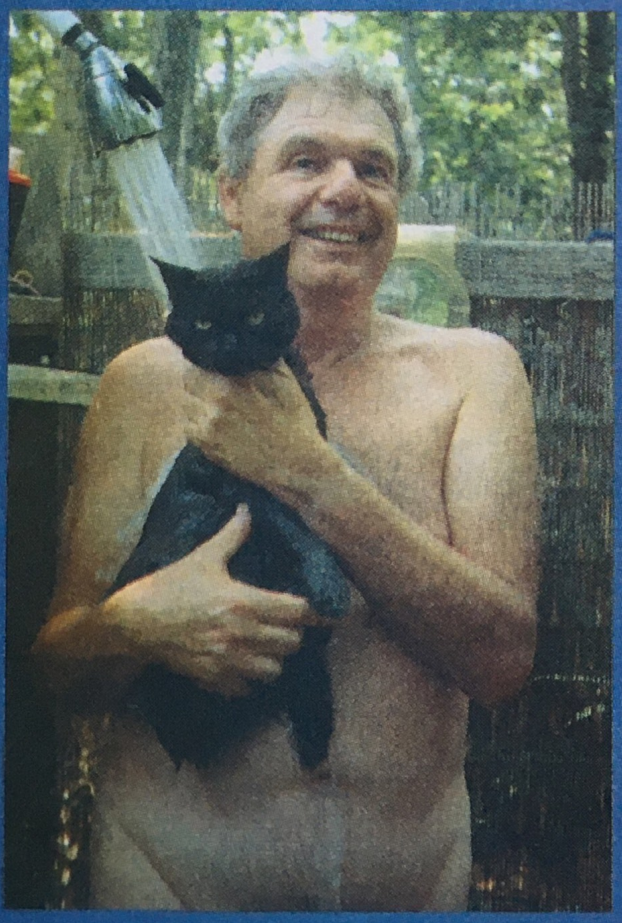




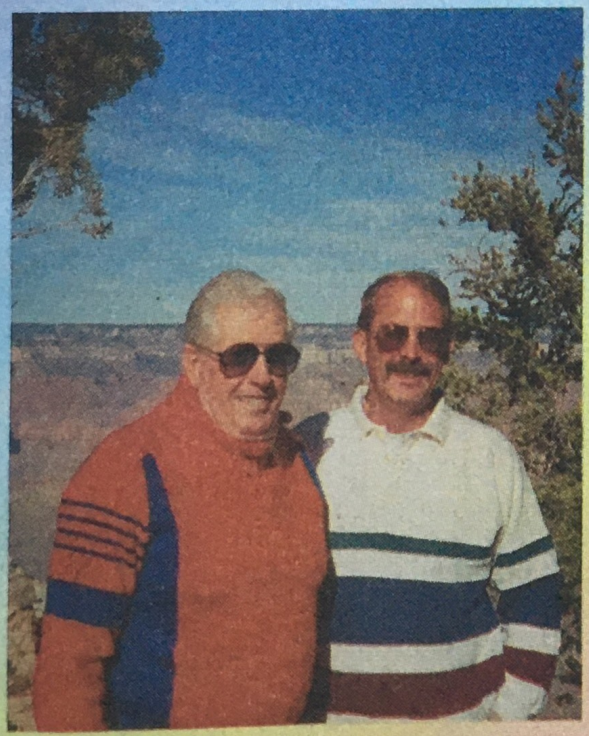
Left to right - Top: **MAL** - photo by DR. LEE; **OHIO JOGGER** - photo by LARRY L. Bottom: **OUTSPAN** - photo by A FRIEND; **TOMBO** - photo by THOMAS

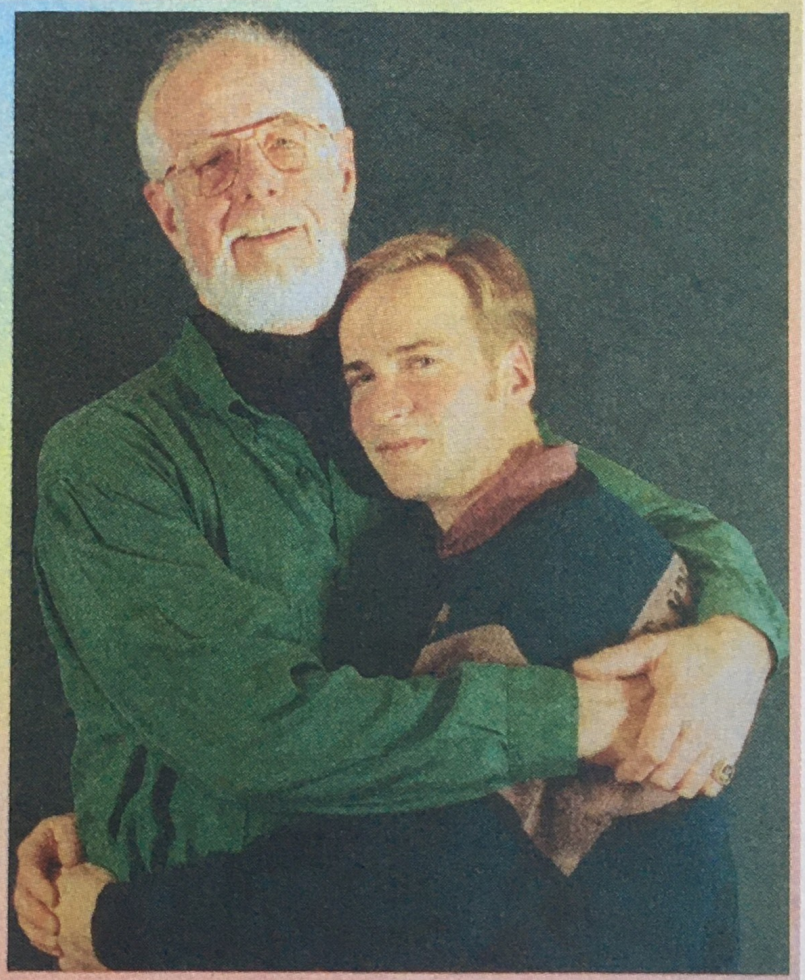
WHO SAYS GUYS WITH GLASSES AREN'T SEXY?

Top, left to right: **SLIM** - photo by ANON; **HIKER TOM** - photo by RUSS. Bottom, left to right: **MR. PANHANDLE & MR. G.** - photo by A FRIEND; **THE PILOT** - photo by AVIATOR

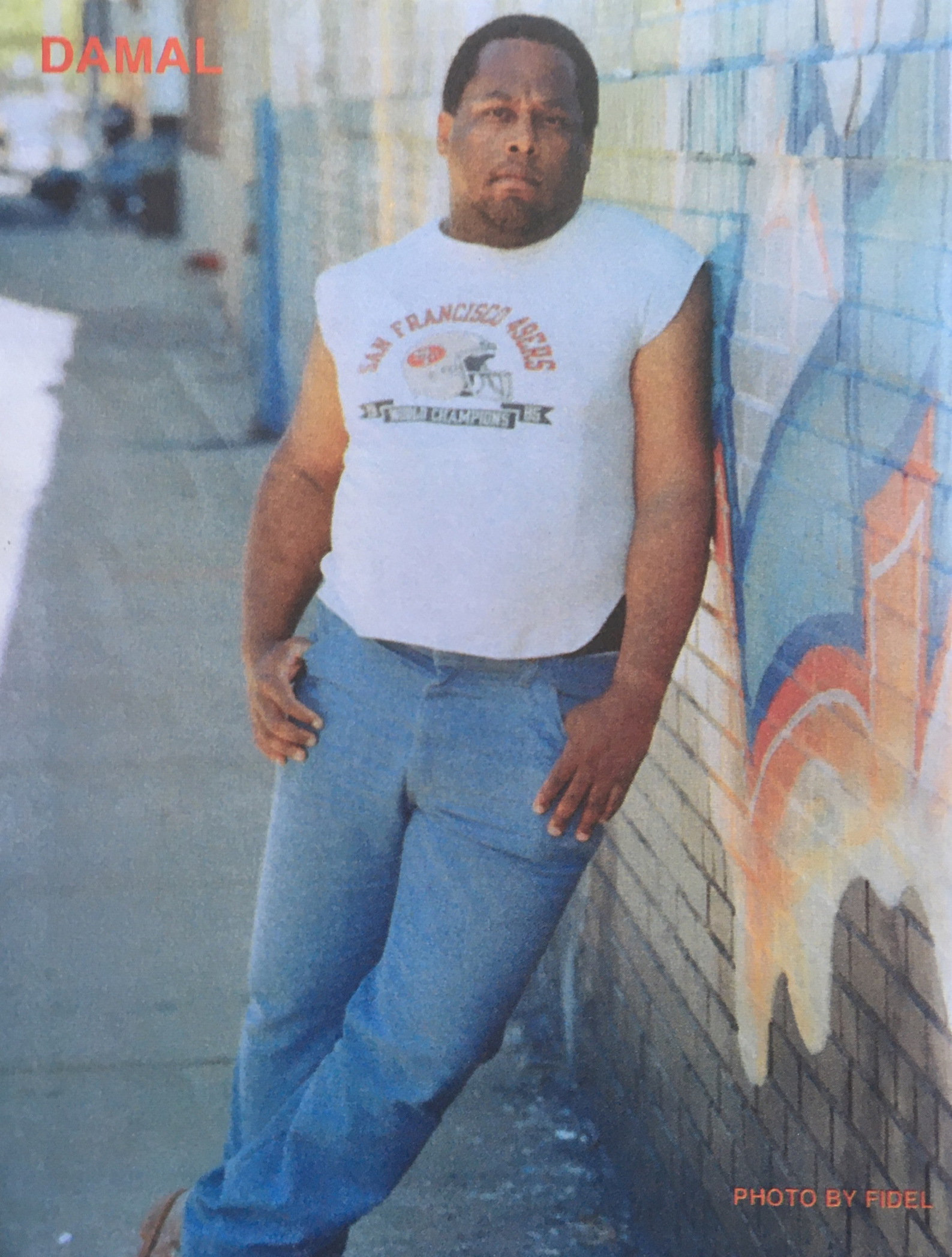


Top: **AUSSIE** - photo by ANON. Bottom, left to right: **STASCH** - a self portrait; **GUITARMAN** - photo by J.C.





Top, left to right : **MUSIC MAN & BB** - photo by A FRIEND; **CHEROKEE & LIBRAN** - photo by TOONCES.
Bottom, left to right: **CLINT & KEN** - photo by TOMCAT; **ZEALOUS & CANUCK** - photo by MANDY


DAMAL
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS
PHOTO BY FIDEL

FORUM

CR #60

Our previous issue prompted much more mail than any other. It is obvious that our readers are big boys and quite willing to address the issue of mortality. Here are some samples:

I just received Issue #60 and it is the best yet. I especially like the artwork of James L. Hawkins. His men are so lifelike and not grotesque like some of the artwork you used to publish. The models are fantastic—beautiful men. I will be writing to some of them in the near future. My thumb is worn out from paging through the issue to look at all of those gorgeous hunks. I really liked ROOSTER II on page 21, but I couldn't find any information about him in the profiles section. Keep up the good work. DEWEY/ Michigan

Unfortunately, we left out the profiles of both ROOSTER II and PALO VERDE PAL. See ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . in this issue. PHC

"UNTIL DEATH DO US PART" by SERGEANT JOE in CR#60 is about the most heart-warming and touching story that SWAN/CR has ever published. This one has to be on the top of your list. I know you had many and I mean *many* good stories, but this one is the icing on the cake. I am from Canada and living in Florida for the winter. After reading this story, I have made reservations for the Gathering. See you there. The story was super, super great. AL FROM CANADA AND FLORIDA

Bob and I have been buying CR in a store for a long time. Issue #60 and the true story "UNTIL DEATH DO US PART" was one of the greatest love stories we've ever read. Bob was reading the story and cried for hours. I read the story and also wept. Sarge and Max must have really loved one another. My deepest sympathy to SARGE. I wish I could write him or perhaps he might be in Las Vegas in June. We have been together for 32 years and our lives have been very apart. But since reading SARGE's story, things have really changed for the better. We know that life is short and we will make the best of what's left. Yes, we are going on our honeymoon, and yes, we are coming to the Las Vegas Gathering on June 5th through 8th and longer. Only CR and its staff could print such a beautiful story like "UNTIL DEATH DO US PART." Keep up the great work. Bob (72) & Bill (71) in Florida.

The love story "UNTIL DEATH DO US PART" is a really beautiful, sad, witty, humorous and great story. When my lover started to read it and began to cry, I thought he was becoming ill. When I asked him what was the matter, he said, "Here, read this." I then read it and also cried. Our condolences go to SARGE. I liked the part when Max was playing with his cock and said that he was winding his wrist watch. My friend said that I should get him a watch like that. Looks like SARGE went through hell in the war, and as if that wasn't enough punishment, he had to go through hell again with the death of his beloved Max. What a great man he must be. We are Bob (74) and Jack (73), and we buy CR in New York when we are up there for the summer and living in a Florida nudist park for the winter. We hope to be in Las Vegas for the Gathering. Bob and Jack/ Florida

SERGEANT JOE will be at the gathering. Look for the one-armed man with the soulful eyes. PHC

I am not a long-time subscriber, having only been with you for about a year and a half or so. As soon as it arrives, I usually read it cover to cover. In all that time, I think the most touching piece I have read was "MY LOVE" by FLORES. I know that many of your readers who have pets that are no longer with them related to this beautiful piece of work and did exactly as I did when I read it. That is, they cried. My hat is off to CR for once again putting things in print that are dear to so many of us. K.S./ Northern California

Issue #60 is the best ever. I loved BRECKENRIDGE's story as well as those of SERGEANT JOE and ELMO. I had read an article of DONALD VINING in one of the far east little mags, but when I asked at A Different Light for the diary, the clerk said there wasn't such a book. So I wrote it off as just part of his story. So glad to see it confirmed in CR. I'll check again for it at the Glendale library. I loved the FLORES story too, although I'm surely not a dog lover. Pets do nothing for me except being a bother. And after our quakes and aftershocks, I'm getting rid of most of the trinkets I've gotten here (many got taken care of and went out with the trash) and may start to get rid of the books too. Well, at approaching 82, I'd better make some plans for getting out from under. J.R./ Los Angeles

TECHNOBABBLE

What *dpi* do you use in your magazine? I recently read in another periodical that they have improved their photo quality by scanning and printing at 800 X 800 dpi. I'm now confused because this magazine's photos look the same as before. If anything, they look worse because there

are several white blotches on some of the models' bodies. I saw this same sort of apparent defect in another magazine for big men, but it improved remarkably since then. Could you fill us dummies in without dazzling us with technobabble? R.E./Wisconsin

The term means "dots per inch." Photography and artwork (except line art) have to be screened or transformed into "half-tone" reproducibles in order for a quality, high-volume press run to occur on state-of-the-art printing presses. "Web offset" (continuous ink printing and cutting as with newspapers) and "sheet feeder" (ink printing, folding and cutting of individual large sheets of assorted sizes) formats both require text, graphics and photography which are camera-ready, which means that all images have to consist of lines and/or dots. Our web offset printing source uses 85 dpi for both color and black and white (anything higher would make the color images look muddy) on book stock paper. This means that a square inch could contain a maximum of 85 X 85, or 7,225 dots. Dot concentration creates contrast: maximum dots for solid images and lines; less dots for varying shades. More expensive sheet feeder printing presses use 133 to 150 dpi for glossy color and high quality book stock. Virtually all glossy magazines from The Advocate *to* Time *use this range. Granted, some low-volume documents (flyers, brochures) can print out at up to 600 dpi on the more expensive and advanced laser printers. Some even have a built-in "photo grade" technology which is the equivalent of 1,000 dpi. But due to the high cost and the fact that these machines print at only 8 pages per minute, I assure you that no magazine is printed at 800 dpi. Besides, the photo reproduction would be virtually indistinguishable from the original. Perhaps the magazine of which you speak made a typo and meant to say 85 dpi instead of 800. PHC*

A SPECIAL ISSUE WITH JUST PHOTOS?

In the FORUM of #60, page 12, T.W./Virginia says that he wants to see and admire cocks and men together, that he wasn't paying $50 per year for a literary/erotic magazine. I know that there are lots of readers who would enjoy a few issues with less text and more photos. For example, you probably have many foreign readers who don't read English anyway. An idea: Why don't you create a semiannual special issue with all photographs? Price shouldn't be a factor, because I know that your readers will pay extra for such a thing. Why don't you ask your readers? A friend gave me a copy of CR#54 with THE BANKER on the front cover. It took my breath away. From February 93 to February 94 I missed so much. I'll never see RUSSIAN BEAR or enjoy the past essays or novels. Nevertheless, you can depend upon me as a model, writer and, most of all, a friend. MANUEL/Mexico

We're sort of stuck between a rock and a hard place with the CR CLASSICS issues. We try to accommodate those who want to see material from our previous special issues, but we get complaints from guys who've seen the photos and drawings before. We publish a mix of hot photos and fiction, but there are always those who insist upon either all-photos or more fiction and less photos. The next CLASSICS will be a balance of both with no previously published material. If we can ever get ahead financially, we will produce a yearly pictorial magazine—perhaps we'll name it CRonus, after the Greek version of the Roman god, Saturn. One issue will feature the entire works of RAM, while another will present only photos and hundreds of free personal ads. Another project will be the production and mail order sale of non-porn yet highly erotic videos which will out-sizzle most porn flicks. Don't believe me? WATCH. PHC

MARRIED MANLOVERS . . . CONTINUED

I read THE FINAL WORD in Issue #59 and have decided to fly into the ring. It will be a somewhat different approach than what you were asking for, however. I have a wife and came out to her 17 years ago. At the moment I have no serious intentions of leaving her. However, I know that there are other gay men with wives out there who need help. I have encountered several myself over the years. I also belonged to Gay Married Mens Association (GAMMA) of Chicago when I lived in South Bend. I have no experience with the loss of a spouse or partner, and I'm not volunteering to help in that area; however, I am willing to work with gay men who are married, living in the greater Phoenix area, and looking for help. DESERT BOB

LION/New York's letter in CR #60's FORUM almost made me want to forgo the Gathering. I haven't felt that much hate aimed at me since a woman threw red paint all over my new Navy whites in Long Beach, California. She and others just stood there, calling me a "baby killer." I still shake with the hurt every time I think of it. I was on my way to bury a good friend of mine who was killed on board my ship off the coast of Viet Nam. How can there be so many people out there who seem to enjoy inflicting pain? I would think that 90% of us married man lovers are up front from the start. I would never pull off my ring. I love my wife, and I think I have loved every man that has allowed me to spend some time with him. Dignity and respect? Always. I can't explain to LION why I feel this way any more than I can explain why my heart beats or my lungs fill with air. It's just a part of me—a need to feel a man's arms around me, a feeling that my love life with my wife just doesn't fulfill. But neither does the love of a man completely do it for me either. I've just got to have both. I wish I could have LION's respect for that and be left with what dignity I can find. Maybe it would be best to just stay away from the Gathering. I just couldn't handle another "red paint" day in my life. B.H./New Mexico

There will be no "red paint" incidents at the Gathering. Married men will be welcomed with open arms, just like everyone else. Offensive behavior will result in immediate expulsion. PHC

A few thoughts on relations with married men, mostly in response to the article by Holling Thomas in Issue #58. At the tender age of 35, I am no stranger to sex and relationships with married, bisexual and not-willing-to-be-labeled men. At the time, they fulfilled a need in my life, and I did derive a fair amount of pleasure from them, especially mutual physical pleasure. However, my life currently demands much more time spent on work and involvement in organizations that matter to me. As a result, I have to be more choosy about what sexual/emotional entanglements I can handle. Specifically, I need partners for whom I am more than just a thrill they can't get at home. I need men who have time for me and vice-versa. One of the things that turned me off to married men was the erratic nature of our meetings and how they could only be arranged when he could get away from the wife. I respect their obligations and their reasons for marrying, whatever they were, and don't condemn them. But my attitude (and it is attitude, I grant) is that I deserve better than someone else's leftover sex and emotions. How can I believe a married man who says that he loves me when I strongly suspect that, when the chips are down and he has to choose me or his wife, that I am most likely to lose? Sorry, but for the time being, I choose not to have relationships with married men (and hope that the man comes along that will make me eat my words). D.S./New Jersey

LION's rage gives him away. He was terribly hurt, and now he thinks all married man lovers are lying, heart-stealing opportunists. I once knew a young man who seemed to always be involved with some burly older married man. He'd give his apartment key to the guy and dutifully await his turn ala "Backstreet." A mutual friend would make fun of every new affair and smugly insist that our young friend chose married men because he couldn't handle a permanent commitment. I asked him once why he seemed to have only short-term affairs with married men. His answer: "I like only sober, older, masculine men, and almost none are single. Maybe I'll get lucky with my timing someday, but until then, it's a hell of a lot better than doing without." A couple of years later, he met a delightful married man whose wife was dying of cancer. They've now been together for 23 years. B.D./Cleveland

UNATTAINABLE, NON-COMMUNICATIVE MODELS

After seeing the photo of COLT 45 in a copy of CR, I attempted to communicate with him. You can see from the enclosed letter that it has become impossible to do so. This is the most frustrating experience I've had recently with some of the CR models, but hardly an isolated incident. Therefore, I'm writing to you to express my concern about the growing number of CR models I encounter who do not respond to correspondence. I have been of the assumption that men who placed their photos in CR want to communicate with other CR readers. I myself was a model some months back and received a number of letters, all of which I answered. Over the years I've corresponded with a number of models and have met some really wonderful men through CR photos and personal ads. Lately, however, I'm finding that more and more of the models do not want to communicate. They do not answer my letters, or in some cases (like this one) they simply don't allow for any kind of communication because they do not give an address that is usable. Perhaps as the readership of CR increases and the layout gets a more and more professional look, there is a price to be paid by the readers. Maybe the idea of CR readers meeting and getting acquainted with each other through the periodical is giving way to CR becoming a magazine of slick layout and nice color photos of unattainable, non-communicative models. I sure hope that's not the scenario for the future. B.F./Tucson

We urge our readers to read the instructions for writing models. B.F./Tucson sent a letter addressed to Colt 45 at our address. That's not in accordance with our instructions. We receive several hundred pieces of mail a week and routinely return to sender any mail that does not show CR or Chiron Rising as the addressee. We don't see the connection between the improved look of the magazine and some perceived sudden arrogance of our models. Our subscriber/models are answering mail left and right, so I recommend that B.F. analyze his missives to determine why he gets ignored while most other readers receive replies. PHC

SWIMMING TO VENEZUELA

I'm a nonfiction nut, but I thoroughly enjoyed the time with your short novel. The adventure elements were great fun, and the relationship details very telling. The character of Jim is well-drawn, and I hope those of your readers who need to hear it pick up on the fact that a relationship with a practicing alcoholic is one big bog of quicksand. I'm close to 10 years as an active member of Al-Anon, so I know. I also appreciated the focus on oral sex throughout—my preferred form of expression. It really is a pleasant departure to have a highly erotic story that's not obsessed with plumbing. And also free from overt or implied sexual violence. The adventure aspects of your tale provide that edge so the sexual episodes are imbued with the tension without being degrading to any of the participants. Nice touch! Now I'm motivated to go through the back issues I've purchased and check out the other fiction you've published. Can we look forward to more from you? S.R./New Mexico

Looks like I'll have to hold off on my next novel for awhile. In spite of hiring The Cisco Kid, the magazines and preparations for the Gathering take up all my time. I thought I'd found a literary guardian angel who would help me get published in the mainstream, but it appears it was all a misunderstanding. In addition, our tentative plans for publishing soft-bound fiction are not being met with very much enthusiasm from our readers

(according to surveys). PHC

SO MUCH MAGIC, SO LITTLE TIME

I surely do enjoy your magazine, especially the FORUM. You get the whole range. Thanks for printing both ends of the scale—closet prudes to flaming Franks. I enjoy them all. A couple of your models reminded me of a wonderful youthful experience. A friend of my father introduced me to an endearing summer. I'll never forget his thoughtfulness. I've known many since, but none like him. His memory colored all my relationships and made it possible for me to weather the many situations (some of which could have been rough, to say the least). As a result, most of the people (both men and women) I've been close to are still good friends. You can't base a relationship on sex—too ephemeral—but it sure does add a marvelous fillip to it. I am grateful for that memory jogging. Oh, how short life is. So much magic and so little time. Thanks. E.T./San Francisco

POT SHOTS

We'll not be attending your Las Vegas "bacchanal." I have it from a rather unimpeachable source that your gathering is grossly overpriced. Your room price at $38 is okay, but the $120 is excessive for what you get: one hospitality room with snacks and no free drinks, one breakfast, and one theme banquet. What a rip-off. EX-C-RISER/Los Angeles

This ex-subscriber's unimpeachable source (the writer of an announcement in another magazine) has impeached himself so often when it comes to CR that one could jar him as all-fruit jam. In his zeal to seize upon yet another way to use CR for his own agenda, he neglected to get his facts straight. First off, the hotel is $36, not $38. As for the $120 "rip-off," I direct our readers to COUNTDOWN TO LAS VEGAS herein. Branding our soiree as "grossly overpriced" when one is aware of but a fraction of the activities hints strongly of a rather inane attempt at sabotage. I dare say the announcement's author has no clue as to the cost of providing administrative support, badges and security (over $8 per person attending), let alone something as minor as coffee (estimated 50+gallons @ $21.00 per gallon). Anyone can take fifty guys through a slow-moving casino buffet line for dinner at five bucks a head, but try tying up an entire ballroom for a gala cocktail party/dinner show for almost 1,000 men. And that blockbuster event constitutes only 5 hours out of over 35 hours worth of planned catered activities. Here is one pot shot that landed in the source's foot. PHC

ELDERHOSTELS

I want to thank you for helping me in my coming out as a gay man after 30+ years of trying to deny myself. About 18 months ago, you published a photo of me in CR. It certainly was a boost to get letters from some of the nicest fellows. I'm considering submitting another picture, but I would hate to deprive someone else of the privilege of having the ego boosting experience that I had. This past week a Colorado man I met through CR accompanied me as we spent a wonderful week at an elderhostel at the Art Institute in Chicago. The wonderful program and the privilege of attending various cultural events in Chicago was greatly enhanced by having a wonderful gay roommate. We found the other participants friendly and accepting. It was a great place to meet people, as well as to get acquainted with each other. A suggestion I have for CR is that you help team up men who would like to take part in elderhostel or other travels. It would be much better than attending or traveling alone. It would be better than taking pot-luck with a roommate (the chance of being teamed with another gay man is not too great). Even for those men who are looking for a longer commitment, a week-long experience at an elderhostel would be a good way to get acquainted in a relaxed setting. Thanks again. TRAVEL'N PARSON

Would anyone care to take on this subject for an article? Write us first and give us your qualifications and ideas, because we don't want a duplication of efforts. Regarding the submittal of photos, no one is ever deprived. All accepted photos of new models are published as soon as possible. New photos of previous models may have to wait a few months, but we eventually get to them. PHC

HANGING IN THERE

What a lost year this has been. On the positive side, the workman's compensation claim still drags on (squeeze). I'm doing yard work, hanging in there. Also my ceramic works are being shown in a local show. Everything's moving slowly. Your magazine is something important to have now. It's the one positive reinforcement to being gay that I have around me. Thanks. M.M./So Cal High Desert

ADD ONE MORE TO THE FAMILY

Recently I purchased a couple of your magazines and was pleasantly surprised. The pleasure I got from seeing older men was great. I'm a white, 47-year-old ex-marine who came back from Viet Nam 25 years ago minus my right leg and with a hole in my lower back. My only pleasure is in pictures, and since older men turn me on, your mag is unbelievable. Now I can fantasize about older men and actually see what I'm missing. My hand's been busy ever since. I wish I could afford a subscription, but unfortunately I can't, so I'll settle on getting as many of your back issues as possible. Thanks for being there. PENNSYLVANIA JOE

Joe was given a gift subscription and a prediction from yours truly that he won't have to rely on his hand much longer.

Write him as you would a model. PHC

GLOSSY PHOTOS OR ELSE

Several issues back, you were using all-glossy color photos. The clarity of the pictures was far superior to the blurred / undefined pics in your current issues. Please use more glossy photos. My continued support is riding on this. R.W. / Maryland

And our continued survival is riding on income. Publishing 8 pages of glossy color with 48 pages of black and white newsprint costs over $12,000 more per year than our current bookstock mat with 16 pages of color and 48 pages of black and white. Granted, the image quality is inferior (85 dpi instead of 150), but the blanket description "blurred/undefined" is an exaggeration. If our current growth continues and our bookstore sales increase the way they should, we will bring back 4 pages of glossy color over and above what we are now doing (4 pp glossy color, 16 pp mat color, 48 pp mat b & w = 68 pp). And no, we will not raise our prices in spite of the extra expense and the postal increase. PHC

LOVE THAT BARNEY!

In Issue #59, I saw the letter from ROY ELMO about model BARNEY. I have also fallen for BARNEY. I wrote to him a couple of times, and he responded with a couple of letters. I am a talented artist, so I sent him a large charcoal drawing I did of him from one of his pictures in CR. He was very pleased. A beautiful guy, as handsome as can be, and that smile of his makes me wilt. A great body. I am 67 years old, but I'm strongly attracted to young guys like BARNEY. He is the best that's come along, at least for me, in years. I'm sure there are many others who agree. He told me in his last letter that he was moving. This was last September. I wrote to him, but haven't heard from him since. I was wondering if you know of his current whereabouts and if you could give me his address. I don't know if you are able to do so, but I would be much obliged. I'm hoping to see him in CR again. Thank you. You have a great magazine. Great photos! R.M. / New York

We never give out addresses or telephone numbers without prior approval. BARNEY is indeed one hell of a guy. He's not only an incredibly good looking southern gentleman but a bold, highly adroit entrepreneur as well. He left Southern California for the deep south, where he has started a very promising and lucrative business. We won't say what it is, but we will state that it has been his dream for years. BARNEY will continue to be one of our premier young models, and readers can write to him in accordance with procedures outlined herein. PHC

A SUPPLEMENTAL SURVEY

You have heard it before, but allow me to include my voice in the loud THANKS from your readers. Since I appeared on the cover of CR CLASSICS #3, I have been inundated with letters and phone calls. I lost count at 71. Must be approaching a hundred by now. Here are some random thoughts on the experience: First, your secondary readership. Almost half of the new contacts have been from people who were "pass along" readers. This surprised me. Second, four new contacts were readers who had first heard of CR from the *Advocate Classified* and *Advocate Men* ads and article. Third, three phone calls were heart-wrenching cries from people isolated in smaller towns and rural areas of the country. If I were a rich man, I would endow CR with an 800 number for these people to make contact. There is too much unnecessary pain among us older gay men and our admirers. Sincere thanks. DON CHARLES / Northern California

DON is not just a great model and all around super guy; he's also a great supporter, having referred quite a few new subscribers to us. We've been thinking about the 800 number idea and may implement it when and if we can hire another man to handle bookkeeping, payroll and correspondence. So much to do; so little time and money! PHC

BRING ALONG YOUR BIRTH INFORMATION

What a nice feeling I got when someone showed me Issue #59. Talk about warming the mid-winter heart of this retired University teacher, music fool and astrology bug. It did. Never heard of CR before, and never been to Vegas, but I'm subscribing and coming to the bash in June. You sweet old cuddle-ies who might read this, whether you are paired or single, bring the date-time-place of birth and I'll give you a free reading. It explains why you get the hots for someone when there ain't no obvious reason to. Age doesn't mean diddely. In my senior years I got hungry to be around mature men and joined the Masons and the VFW. They are okay, but they sort of tighten up or chicken out when you get too close to them. So I was really happy to see pictures of men who still had the blood running in their heads (both of them) and the glint in the eye. You know, you don't really have to die right away when you go tits up (or dick down)—there is a lot that can still happen, right? Thanks to the organizers of the June bash, and for publishing CR. May it stay alive as long as I do. Sorry I don't have any naked pictures right now, or I'd send one. BAMA, I'll be on your tail if you show up in Vegas. You'll probably have a train of admirers as long as a peacock following you, but, just warning you. VENUS IN URANUS / Iowa

BAMA will be there, along with most of our other popular models. PHC

WHAT AN INVITATION!

Unhappily, the latest issue (#59) did not arrive

here in Brasil in time for me to prepare a classified ad to be included in #60. As you may know, Rio—well, all of Brasil— goes "crazy" during *Carnaval*. It is an optimum period for men of our genre to witness and experience the spectacle of *Carnaval*. After you peruse the enclosed proposed classified ad, you may see why I had hoped to get something of this nature in your February issue. I have lived in Brasil, specifically the Rio area, for over 11 years. I have a nice, large home: 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, large pool, pool table, sun deck, those "special" videos we enjoy (but of the young'uns), and other perks. I live alone with only my 39-year-old cook, chauffeur, go-fer, companion, and while I speak the native language fluently, I do miss having enough "special" guests who speak English. I would like to have more guests of the type who are readers and subscribers to CR. I would offer my home to anyone desiring to visit Rio. The only expenses they would have would be helping out with the grocery bill, and the tab of gasoline for the car. At the end of anyone's visit, it would seem fair for my guests to give the cook/driver some remuneration, for he would be at the beck and call of my guests at any hour. Rio, like all major population centers of the world today, suffers from the social evils extant almost everywhere. Visitors here should have the benefit of an old hand like myself who could make any visit more pleasurable without the experiences of being robbed or mugged, etc. More later. SALTY DOG and STEEL WOOL/ Rio de Janeiro

THE CUPID STRIKES IN GERMANY

I would like to thank you for you magazine. CR is my best friend when my new friend, WALTER, isn't here. My friend was a model in the same issue I was in (#55). I wrote to him and we met in October for the first time. He is a beautiful man, and we love each other so very much. I thank CR so much for this man. Best wishes, hugs and kisses. DIETER/Germany

INTRODUCING MARSHAL

Having just today posted my last letter to you, I drove out to check my P.O. box and lo behold! #59, Jolly Elf and all, awaited. I'm a year-round Santaphile, though Clauseted, so 'twas a great kick-off. Verily, thought I, somebody's rectal excretions are extraordinarily well-corralled to have got me on the active list thus soon! How do you do it? Ninety hour workweeks! But then, it's obvious this CReation is a love-labor for you. Such sweet sanity, warmth, and feeling of manfamily beams through the whole enterprise. Wholly admirable and a beautiful gift to the world. Dang, got muhself all weepy again. Was thrilled to discover your note inside. Glad you liked the photos. Have some others, too, if you'd like a bigger choice. Even a couple of mildly naughty ones taken by that sugarbear, model TUCKER—but maybe not quite yet for those. I called previous CR model URSUS MINOR to relay your howdy and talked to his delightful bud, who says they're preparing a letter and photo, so you'll hear from them real soon. Glancing through the pages, I was delighted to see the usual fantastic variety of manhood (promote diversity, I say) and some who are already old favorites: GEORGIA EDDIE, KIM and ROB DADEO, all in one shot! Which of course reminded me of YOU in the video TRIPLEX—awesome, dude, off the scale. What a beautiful body, ass, cock, and talent you have (and how crude and wonderful to express such a cheeky sentiment in a letter to the editor in chief)! Am including a photo of a couple of sexy seniors snapped while Xmas shopping with URSUS at an outdoor market in Portland on Sunday, December 12th. I spotted these guys a ways off, saw the one on the left notice me and speak to the other, who checked me out and nodded, then they bee-lined up and asked to take a picture. I said "It's the beard, isn't it?" "Yes, but especially because it's got some gray" was the reply. I agreed, of course, but only if I could take theirs—with the enclosed result. About that time URSUS came back and they got him, too, and the two of us together. But, idiotically, I didn't ask their names or addresses or anything. It's a long shot, but maybe, just maybe, someone down there might know who these guys are. Would love to see what they got (photographically too) and send them this pic and tell them how cute they are. Much more to come. MARSHAL/Oregon

You won't believe how talented this man is. MARSHAL (his model name) is an awesome pianist/composer who has collaborated with some of the biggest names in music and literature. He also writes electrifying poetry and, as you can read above, has a delicious writing style. See his photo and bio in this issue. If you are a hot-looking, mature couple and recognize MARSHAL as the bear who took your photo in Portland on the 12th of December, contact us . We'd love to publish your photo. In any event, please contact MARSHAL. PHC

GROWING OLD IS A GRACE DENIED MANY

Obviously I enjoy your publication and greatly admire and respect the efforts of all the staff. I should like to comment on The *Advocate Classified*'s article JURASSIC PARTS (FORUM, Issue #59). Don't fret over your detractors. They are proof positive that you are making an impact, and as every star knows, all publicity is good publicity—as the publishers of the *Advocate* have just now so nicely proven. Someone once said that growing old is a grace denied many. So true in this age of AIDS. As to the *Advocate* editor who came up with the offending caption for the article, either he will be denied old age, or, ironically, he will become that which he now most ridicules. But on to work and the problems of loneliness. Another someone once said, "It is the greatest of errors to do nothing, because you can do only a little. Do what you can." I don't know what I can do from this distance, but count me in as a volunteer (IN CLOSING, CR#59). I've

survived the death of two lifemates, the last just a year ago. I have a computer, and I promise to help. J.M./ Hawaii

See ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . for the astounding results of our request for volunteers. PHC

HAPPILY GOING OFF THE DEEP END

I can't believe the response that I've gotten from the photo you ran on the inside back cover of CR #59. You said that a picture is worth a thousand words and that your models get many more responses than either ads or letters. Now I really believe it! Beach Boy recognized me immediately, even though he's never seen me nude. I can attest to the quality of your readership. They're great. The letters they write are most impressive. I'm trying to answer them all as they come in. More people seemed to be attracted to my smile than to anything else! I enjoy writing letters and eventually everyone will get a personal reply. But if I'm slow in catching up, I'd just like to say to all those who wrote and even to those who may have thought of writing but didn't, "Thank you." I really appreciate your pictures and letters and I hope that I get to meet all of you personally at the Gathering in Las Vegas. Believe me, I'll be there! Even after you asked for a blow-up to use for a full page in CR, I had some misgivings about being a model. A couple of my old "friends" are sure that I've gone off the deep end and have crossed me off their invitation list. But I'm sure the number of new friends that I'm making will more than compensate. My advice to any prospective models out there is to take the risk. It will do wonders for your ego and you may actually make someone else happy as well as yourself! For me it was like declaring my freedom, admitting who I am, and feeling that if at my age you can't be yourself, then there's really something wrong. I had very little to lose and possibly a great deal to gain. Thanks for giving me the opportunity to break loose. I expect this experience and the exposure (smile) you have given me is really going to change my life. So, anytime you want to run one of the other photos that I sent, be my guest! ROOSTER II/ New England

If ROOSTER II thought he got a lot of letters from #59, wait until he gets the results of his black & white photo in #60. We got severely reprimanded by several readers after we forgot to include his bio. PHC

DISCOVERY AT 53

Thank you very much for the two back issues of CR. A friend I have been corresponding with in Louisiana told me about your magazine. He sent me the picture of KIM and GEORGIA EDDIE. What a wonderful layout. I never knew such a magazine was around until then. I will be sending for a subscription soon. I don't want to miss any more. I am a 53-year-old, 300# man who had no idea there were others like me out there. I was not even sure that I was gay until I read Randy Shilts' book, *Conduct Unbecoming*. What an eye opener. As I look back on my life, I can see that I have been gay from as far back as I can remember. I still have not had a minute of sex with another man, but at least I know where to look now. I am a very shy person, but now that I know what I am, just maybe I can come out of my shell. H.T./ Idaho

PUBLICITY

You must be having quite an impact on the gay community because I've read about CR four times over the past few months. A publication called *Baltimore Gay News* trashed the hell out of you in a recent issue, but *Michael's Entertainment Weekly* did a marvelous piece on CR. It was a poem written by their magazine critic, Stephen Mathis, and it did CR proud. The *Advocate Classifieds* article was unusual but mostly positive, and you've already stated how beneficial it was. The fourth article was published in a magazine whose title I can't recall, but it also trashed you pretty badly. Win some, lose some. G.G./ Baltimore

Win ALL. All produced new readers, especially those with negative pieces. I've already thanked both Stephen and the writer at Baltimore Gay News. As for the mag whose name you can't remember, the publisher actually did us a nice favor and we likewise thank him too. As J.M./Hawaii says, there is just no such thing as bad publicity. PHC

SOMETIMES A LITTLE CAN MEAN SO MUCH

I want you to know that after 10 or so years (forever, it seems) of the same old ad, I finally had one visitor, then a second—real nice guys. Taken, of course, but I did enjoy their overnighting so very much. Since I'm still always broke, I cannot get to the Vegas meeting, but CR has meant a lot to this lonesome old teddy bear. Don't know how to express my appreciation. Now I can handle the perennial anxiety/ depression and awful loneliness a lot better. T.J./ Florida

T.J.'s ad will be extended so that perhaps he can meet visitor number 3—as well as 4,5,6,7 and 8. PHC

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

Over the past few weeks we've received several letters from unidentified sources. It seems that our prior publication of such mail has prompted a flood of letters from men who think we're stupid enough to publish bizarre, illogical rantings and libelous trash about others. If you want to write a letter to FORUM and remain anonymous, identify yourself and state that you wish to keep your initials and location undisclosed. We will then sign you "anonymous." We will no longer publish letters sent to us anonymously. PHC

ANNOUNCEMENTS, NEWS ITEMS, AND OTHER REVELATIONS

APOLOGIES ARE IN ORDER

Your publisher found a way to place his foot inside his mouth and his head up his ass—all at the same time. We wish to make the following apologies:

1. I wish to apologize to the Prime Timers of the Desert for stating in CR #59 that the New Year's Eve nude party sponsored by The Desert Jackrabbits Club was also sponsored by Prime Timers. It is unfortunate that I used an unreliable source for my information, and I deeply regret any confusion or embarrassment my error has created.

2. I wish to apologize to The Desert Jackrabbits Club for any offense taken to my classification of their New Year's Eve nude party as a "bacchanal." No insult was intended. Various dictionaries define this term as "an orgy of drunkenness and debauchery." Others state that is also applies to an orgy of debauchery with or without drunkenness. My intent was the latter, as we all know that most healthy mature men do not overindulge in alcohol. As for debauchery, most dictionaries state that it means "...indulgence in one's appetites, especially for sensual pleasure and lustfulness." Having seen the photos and heard reports of the party, I think one can safely call it an "orgy of indulgence in one's appetite for sensual pleasure." Quite a few members of The Desert Jackrabbits Club are C-Risers and good friends, so both Bruce and I are rather surprised that anyone would consider our remark mean-spirited or negative. Nevertheless, we are contrite.

3. We regret the omission of the bios for models ROOSTER II and PALO VERDE PAL from CR #60. ROOSTER II is a writer who enjoys bodybuilding, the beach, gardening, travel, music and meeting new friends. This New England Daddy Bear needs a romantic and lovable cub to work out with him. PALO VERDE PAL is 75 and lives in a quiet Arizona town with his partner of many years. They like making new friends.

TRUMP WON'T RAIN ON OUR PARADE

According to an Associated Press story in January, Donald Trump was said to be on the verge of entering the Las Vegas gaming market by buying the "troubled" Aladdin Hotel (half the strip hotels have gone through or will go through bankruptcy, but they continue to operate). The article said that Trump would have bought the hotel for $65-million, whereupon he would have planned to demolish it and turn it into a new resort aimed at high-rolling gamblers. According to high-level employees of the hotel, however, The Aladdin's mortgage holder, Bell Atlantic-Tricon Leasing Corporation of Paramus, New Jersey, turned down Trump's offer. They went on to say that if the hotel changed hands next week, it would take at least a year for any changes to take place.

A SAFE PLACE TO MEET

GROWTH HOUSE, a new meeting space for lesbian and gay service organizations, will open this Spring in San Francisco. Growth House places special emphasis on aging issues. They give first priority to groups addressing the needs of lesbian and gay elders. They would like to offer a regular program of social events and group activities for Bay Area C-Risers and other gay seniors. To achieve this goal, they need someone to work on a volunteer basis to help organize events. Meeting at Growth House is like being in someone's home. They have two meeting rooms in a comfortably furnished flat in the heart of the Castro District. Kitchen and bath facilities complete the suite. Each meeting room can accommodate small groups from 8 to 15 people. Groups can use a single room for a support group or workshop, or they may book the entire facility for a full day retreat. the space is most appropriate for small groups that will benefit from the home-like sense of security and privacy that distinguishes Growth House from larger meeting facilities. Individual service providers will find the rooms well-suited to one-on-one counselling. Usage rates will be on a sliding scale to help smaller groups obtain access. For more information on this project, or to discuss booking Growth House for other uses, write Growth House in care of CR (see instructions for writing models and coded ads and use the same format).

THE CR REGIONAL GATHERING IN SAN FRANCISCO

In CR #59, we announced that CARL LAWRENCE (cover model, #60) was coordinating a pot-luck dinner for Bay Area C-Risers at the Metropolitan Community Church in the Castro on February 26th. Bruce and I saw our way clear to attend the dinner, then we drove up to The House of a Thousand Flowers the next morning to scatter the ashes of our beloved KENN RICHIE (Ron Collier). More will be revealed about the trip in a later issue, but we just have to sing the praises of some really extraordinary people. CARL LAWRENCE (with a lot of help from John, Chuck, Ernie and a few others) pulled off one hell of a party! Over 100 C-Risers and guests showed up with tons of delicious food, much of which was left over and quickly given to a local AIDS hospice.

PAPA BEAR & BABY BEAR eagerly offered their lovely grounds as a final resting place for Ron. BIMAN called from New Jersey to lend his support. None of the six of us (including LORD CLEVELAND and FLORES) could maintain our composure as the ashes were slowly claimed by the rich, wet soil about to burst forth with wild flowers. Then the sun came out for the first time that morning, and we lost it. We lost it big time. It was obvious that this was what Ron wanted. His presence was a real

and warm as the sunlight. Photos of both events will be featured later.

BIGMEN AND BEAR NEWS

In 1992, the Big Men of Chicago and Great Lakes Bears sponsored an event to pull the Bear and Bigmen communities closer. It was in recognition of the coming of age of both communities and the sharing of similar beliefs and aspirations. Now an annual event, BMOC is the primary host club for the Big & Bear Weekend '94, scheduled for May 28, 29 and 30 in Chicago. Registration is $20. For more information, contact Big & Bear Weekend, P.O. Box 25628, Chicago, IL 60628, or call (312) 604-1837.

The new HOOSIER BEARS OF INDIANA have joined the ranks of 34 other bear clubs located around the nation and overseas. The club was founded for men who have bearish characteristics and those who admire those characteristics. They will be having a coming out of hibernation bash sometime in April or May, so interested men might want to contact Bob Smith at (317) 255-7699.

PALM SPRINGS GOINGS ON

It has been reported that Gloria's, that great restaurant/bar for older men and their male admirers, has closed its doors. It is further reported that two or three of the Gloria's waiters and two cooks have gone, along with the customers, to a place called RAINBOW CACTUS on Arenas, 1/2 block from Indian Canyon. Our source says that the food is wonderful and that there is much less smoke than at Gloria's. Most meals are between $6.95 and $10.95, and the lamb shanks are the best in town. There is a grand piano in the lounge and our own BILL WORRALL has been playing there off and on. Check it out.

Desert Prime Timers had their first organizational meeting to initiate the club on December 8, 1993, followed by their first formal meeting on January 8, 1994. As of February 15th, they had about 35 paid-up members. For more information, write to Desert Prime Timers, P.O. Box 3061, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

THE CR OUTREACH PROGRAM

The reaction to our SOS for volunteers is mind-boggling. We received so many wonderful letters that we had to step back and catch our breaths. It will take some time to sort through all the letters and organize some kind of system, so please be patient with us. In the meantime, if you need help, please don't hesitate to contact us and we will call you right away.

THE EARTHQUAKE

Right after the Northridge 6.8 quake and for weeks afterward, many of us in Southern California received a flood of calls from all over the world. CR family members were concerned about us, and we want to thank those sweet guys who cared enough to call. Our home/office is located 50 miles east of the epicenter, beyond a sizeable range of mountains, so we were only shaken out of bed. But many C-Risers who live closer to ground zero suffered unbelievable damage. New model HERMAN THE GERMAN lives only 5 miles from the epicenter and had severe destruction. Model SHOE had to vacate his apartment. Model MAX ANDRUS's house had moderate damage, yet the house across the street was totally destroyed. Many other L.A., San Fernando Valley and Santa Monica C-Risers suffered some degree of damage. Some are moving to more solid ground, but few are leaving California.

MATURE MEN'S MAG NEWS

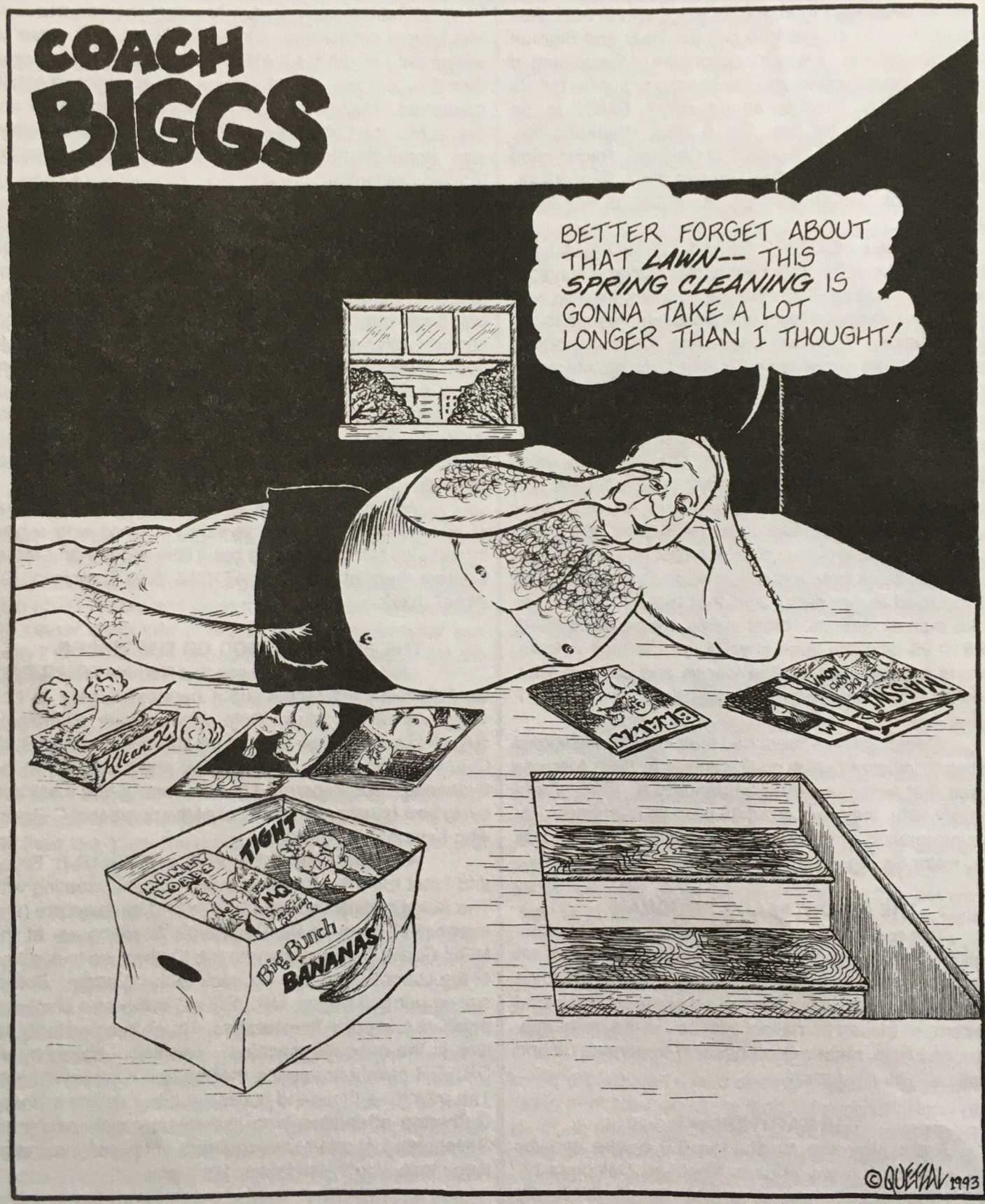
PRIME Magazine is still on hold, but *DADDYBEAR* has already hit the streets with their premiere issue. The publisher himself isn't that happy with the quality of the first issue but promises that the magazine will improve considerably very shortly (good printers are very hard to find). Why do we believe this? Because the premiere issue is already head and shoulders above at least four established national magazines which cater to the more mature (35+) homo-masculine crowd. Contact *DADDYBEAR* at P.O. Box 2483, Rockville, MD 20847, or call them at (301) 681-3938.

HUSKY Magazine has resurfaced after a hiatus of several months. They've now returned with a new format. It's still digest sized but a little wider than before. Contact them at P.O. Box 471030, San Francisco, CA 94147-1030.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ZIPPER

Model DRIVER advises that lifemate FRIAR TWO went through his recent triple bypass surgery in Las Vegas with flying colors. Before the surgery, *El Frailuco Segundo* called fellow bypassers ZIPPER and CHARLIE CHIARELLI to plan a bare-chested photo session at the Gathering. But somehow I get the feeling that it will turn out to be a big group shot in light of the number of C-Risers who have had the surgery.

And speaking of DRIVER and FRIAR II, Bruce and I met them for dinner after our second meeting with The Aladdin Hotel in January. We had an exquisite (and expensive) meal at Sir Reginald's Steakhouse at the MGM Grand (highly recommended!), then we took a tour of the Luxor before coming back to the Aladdin. Before saying our good-byes, DRIVER sat down at a blackjack machine and put in five quarters. Bruce decided to try his luck at the opposite machine. Yawning, I barely heard DRIVER calmly announce that he had hit a royal flush. The payoff: a thousand bucks! A bit of advice to those Gathering attendees who like to play slot machines: Never play just one or two quarters. Play the maximum. If you lose, you'll lose faster; but it you win . . .


COACH BIGGS
BETTER FORGET ABOUT THAT LAWN-- THIS SPRING CLEANING IS GONNA TAKE A LOT LONGER THAN I THOUGHT!
Klean-X
PLAYBOY
TIGHT
MO
Big Bunch
BANANAS
©QUESTAL 1993

ILLINOIS BILL

SELF PORTRAIT

COUNTDOWN TO LAS VEGAS

THE BODY COUNT AND LATE ARRIVALS

As of this writing, just under 700 have signed up for Gathering '94. That means that we only have space for about 200 more. We can appreciate the fact that many guys won't know until virtually the last minute if they can attend, but we just cannot assure such men that we can fit them in. The food and beverage order is finalized 72 hours prior to the convention start, and the hotel will only prepare an additional 5% over the figure we guarantee. This means that if 850 have signed up by June 2nd, the hotel will prepare service for only 892 (900 is all they can handle, by the way). Based on what we're hearing, a whole bunch of unregistered men are planning on showing up with checkbooks at the registration line. Those who expect to get in at the last minute are therefore served notice that you may have to be turned away—no dinner show, no brunch, no hospitality area, no nothing. If you absolutely cannot commit yourself until the last minute, save yourself a lot of grief and call us on June 1st to check on space availability. At the present time, we just do not have a handle on how we will max out. We certainly don't want to discourage unregistered late arrivals if we can fit them in, so please help us out and call us around the first of June for availability.

CAMERAS

All hotel/casinos in Las Vegas prohibit the use of any cameras (camcorders or still cameras) in casinos or showrooms. The Aladdin has therefore asked us to carefully control photographic activity and confine it to an area remote from the casino. In addition, we are contractually bound to disallow videotaping certain entertainments. With the above in mind, and in response to a huge amount of letters from men concerned about being videotaped without their knowledge or permission, we have established the following guidelines:

1. Video cameras will not be allowed in any of our function areas. Their use must be limited to private rooms, pool areas, and outside the hotel.

2. Still photography will be allowed in all CR function areas, but permission must be granted prior to taking anyone's photo. The released photography of JOEL, RICHIE II and MACRO will have first priority for publication in CR. No other photography will be considered for publication unless accompanied by the consenting subject's name and address. Photos taken of or with celebrity doubles cannot be published in CR. In order to ensure that your film is not confiscated by hotel security, please confine your still photography to private rooms, pool areas and CR function areas. Make sure your camera is enclosed while walking through the casino.

THE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Sunday, June 5th

2:00 pm to 5:00 pm

Ballroom - Reception/Registration - Serving coffee, decaf, iced tea, soft drinks, mineral water, dry snacks, dips.

5:00 pm to ?

Party (tentative) hosted by P.R. Simon Productions (location to be announced). There should be several cocktail parties developing upstairs in the tower.

10:00 pm to ?

Hospitality Area - Serving nonalcoholic beverages (alcoholic beverages may be purchased at casino bars nearby and brought into the hospitality area). Activities: Socializing and cruising.

Monday, June 6th

10:00 am to 12:00n

Hospitality Area - Serving coffee, decaf and hot tea. Activities: portrait photo sessions, impromptu piano entertainment, sing-alongs, socializing.

2:00 pm to 4:00 pm

Hospitality Area - Serving nonalcoholic beverages. Activities: entertainment by PLOVER (voice) and JACOB (piano), impromptu piano entertainment, socializing.

5:00 pm to 7:00 pm

Ballroom - Cocktail Party - Serving iced jumbo shrimps, hot & cold hors d'oeuvres, cheese boards, vegetable crudite with dip. Cash bars for all beverages. Entertainment: celebrity doubles and perhaps a few surprises.

7:00 pm to 8:30 pm

Ballroom - Buffet Dinner - Assorted salads, including tossed green, potato, ambrosia, pasta, cole slaw, and macaroni; assorted appetizers, including cheese board and vegetable crudite; hot entrees, including Ragout of Prime Beef Bourguignon and Breast of Chicken Vesuvio; side dishes, including rice, pasta, potatoes, vegetables du jour, rolls and butter; beverages, including coffee, decaf, iced or hot tea; and desserts, including assorted fruit and cream pies and a selection of layer cakes.

8:30 pm to 10:00 pm

Entertainment - The comedy and keyboard wizardry of BILL WORRALL. Cash cordial carts.

10:30 pm to ?

Hospitality Area - Serving coffee and decaf. Activities: Socializing, cruising.

Tuesday, June 7th

10:00 am to 12:00n

Hospitality Area - Serving coffee, decaf and hot tea. Activities: portrait photo sessions, video presentations ("The Jenny Jones Show," featuring C-Risers JOEL, THOM, GENTLE BEN, CASEY, KENT and WAYNE; "Pop Secret", from HBO's "Dream On" Series)

2:00 pm to 4:00 pm

Hospitality Area - Serving nonalcoholic beverages. Activities: portrait photo sessions, video presentation (*The Lost Language of Cranes*)

5:00 pm to 7:00 pm

Ballroom - Gala Cocktail Party (complete with ice carvings) - Serving hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, finger sandwiches, fruit tray, chopped liver and special flaming hot hors d'oeuvres. Cash bars for all beverages.

7:00 pm to 10:00 pm

Free time to see one of the countless dinner shows along the strip or dine at one of The Aladdin's great restaurants.

10:00 pm to ?

Hospitality Area - Serving coffee, decaf and hot tea. Activities: A final night of socializing and cruising.

Wednesday, June 8th

9:00 am to 11:00 am

Ballroom - Farewell Buffet Brunch - Serving assorted fruit juices, fruit compote, beefsteak tomatoes, Nova Scotia Salmon, cream cheese, sliced onions, mini bagels, scrambled eggs and chives, bacon, ham, sausage, french toast, cheese blintzes with sour cream and blueberry sauce, cottage fried potatoes, croissants, Danish pastries, muffins, coffee, decaf, hot tea and milk. Activities: announcements of sites for future gatherings, farewells.

CONFIRMATIONS

All those who've registered should have received a one-page confirmation. If you have not, contact us immediately. Around the first of May, we will finalize the functions and send all the latest information to those who've registered. If you do not receive this document by May 15th, check with us. Don't assume that everything is okay. We do make our share of mistakes, and the U.S. Postal Service has been known to misplace and mangle mail from time to time.

BADGES

Special metal badges must be worn at all times during any CR function. Entry cannot be gained without one, even if we know you. If you leave it in your room, you will have to go back to retrieve it. If you lose your badge, a replacement will cost you $5.00. This is the only way we can maintain security with so many people. Badges will be assigned during the registration/reception on Sunday afternoon. Early or late arrivals may make arrangements to get their badges by contacting Pat Colley or Bruce Vaughan, both of whom will arrive Friday afternoon, June 3rd.

HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE

While you're wondering what effect the awesome sight of 800-900 C-Risers will have on you, consider this: As far as we can tell, only the MCC Conventions can draw more male man-lovers to a hotel convention. We are a massive group of men, consisting of Prime Timers, Bigmen, Bears, SAGE members and other men who seek only CR family membership. We are the forgotten ones who will come into our own as soon as the sleeping media find out about and report on what happened in Las Vegas that spring of 1994. Expect 2,000 in 1995.

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HOW?

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight, sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION OR HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUBLISHED IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HOW TO GET THE BEST SERVICE

Fortunately—now, perhaps unfortunately—we have a reputation for answering correspondence, filling orders for back issues, and entering subscriptions much faster than almost any other magazine. Consequently we must deal with occasional readers who place an order one week and begin expediting it the following week. Please understand that a fast turnaround cannot always be accomplished. From the 15th through the end of each even month, and the odd months of March and September, we are scrambling to get issues to our printer. We tend to fall behind on correspondence and order filling by up to 4 weeks. Add mailing time, and it can be 6 weeks. Please keep this in mind and be patient.

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR before and would like to submit material, please write for guidelines and/or provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish for us to consider. Please do not send unsolicited material unless you are a regular.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

The date shown (8/94, 11/94, etc.) indicates when your last issue will arrive. An "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all upcoming CR CLASSIFIED issues until your subscription expires. A "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. A "*" means that you owe us money; a "C", that you have a credit due. Disregard any other notations.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a planetoid (or asteroid or comet, depending upon which "expert" you listen to) called "Chiron." Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron rising**.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND SHIP?

CR - Around the first of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the first and the tenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the second or third week of the month. Those book stores serviced by wholesalers may take longer. *CR CLASSICS* - Around the first of May and the first of November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

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HEALTH

GOOD NEWS ABOUT ULCERS

The National Institutes of Health reports that peptic ulcers can be cured with antibiotics. A special panel has concluded that ulcers are caused by the bacterium *Helicobacter pylori* and can be wiped out by a combination of drugs such as tetracycline, metronidazole and amoxicillin. (Source: *Time* Magazine)

USING AN ARTHRITIS DRUG TO TREAT ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE

According to Dr. John Breitner, A Duke University researcher, anti-inflammatory drugs used against arthritis also tend to slow or block the onset of mind-destroying Alzheimer's disease. The Duke University study, published in the journal Neurology, compared the drug-taking history of 50 pairs of elderly twins and found that the twin who had been taking anti-inflammatory drugs for arthritis was least affected by Alzheimer's. "We found that the twins who had used anti-inflammatory drugs had four times greater likelihood of being the later-affected and the non-affected member of the pair," said Dr. Breitner. (Source: Associated Press)

LIMITING BRAIN DAMAGE IN STROKES

Research being conducted at the University of Texas Medical School in Houston has uncovered an experimental drug that appears to reduce the irreversible brain damage resulting from strokes. The drug, called *selfotel*, mimics the illegal drug PCP and shows promise in halting a disastrous chemical chain reaction in the brain that kills cells after a stroke cuts off the blood supply. Like PCP, or "angel dust", the medicine causes one major side effect: temporary hallucinations. "I think this drug, or one like it, will ultimately be proven to be effective," said Dr. James C. Grotta, who is involved in the research. Other researchers say that *selfotel* causes what is known to druggers as "a bad trip," but doctors don't consider the side effect serious enough to hinder continuation of the research. Strokes are the third leading cause of death in the U.S. They strike about one-half million people annually and kill about one-third. Often the survivors are left paralyzed and unable to talk, among other problems. Currently, there is little doctors can do, because there is no treatment available that can stop a stroke or ward off the death of brain cells that follows. However, at least 12 major studies are now under way to test medicines designed to do just that. Most strokes occur when a blood clot blocks an artery in the brain. Several studies are looking at the possibility of administering clot-dissolving drugs, such as *streptokinase*, that are already a mainstay of heart attack therapy. (Source: Associated Press)

PROSTATE CANCER

According to The New England Journal of Medicine, a new study suggests that men 65 and older who simply monitor prostate cancer live nearly as long as those who seek aggressive treatments such as surgery or radiation. Surgery carries with it the risk of complications such as impotence and incontinence, which researchers seem to equate as more horrible than death. *Time* Magazine (February 7, 1994) calls this "good news," and other media sources report on the results as if they were saying, "Why go through all that surgery when your life will end soon anyway?" The key words above are: "...live nearly as long..." Explain that to some 65-year-old man who has everything to live for and wants to get as much out of life as possible. What these younger researchers and media types fail to explain is that life expectancy is an average which lumps together still birth, crib death, fatal accidents, murders, fatal drug overdoses, fatal diseases, " death by natural causes," and every other cause of death known to man. They also fail to take into consideration that when a man reaches his 70th birthday relatively healthy, he can expect an <u>average</u> of another 11 years of life. So if you're 65 or over, relatively healthy, and find you've got early prostate cancer, would you have it removed and vow to hit 70 healthy? Or would you take *Time* Magazine's and *The New England Journal of Medicine*'s advice and just monitor it while it metastasizes to your bones and kills you before you reach 67? CR's advice: Get regular finger waves of your prostate, have a PSI blood test regularly, and see a urologist at the first sign of enlarged prostate or elevated PSI. If you have cancer, get rid of it and learn to live with the impairments. If you have what is called benign prostate hyperplasia, a noncancerous condition that afflicts millions of older men, ask your urologist to put you on the new medications that shrink swollen prostates.

SELF PORTRAIT

STRAC

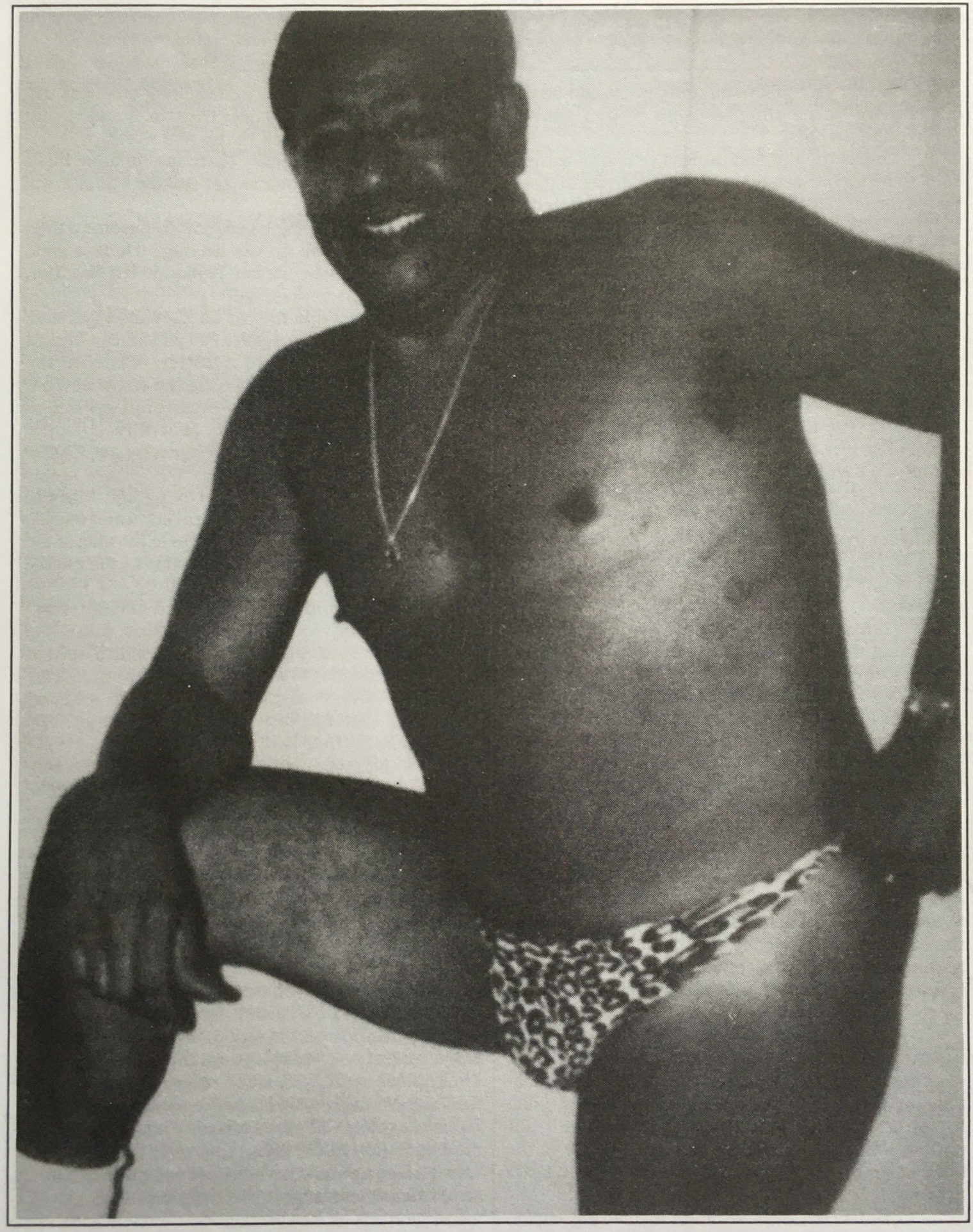

PHOTO BY DIEM

DRIVING WHOM?

By PAPA BEAR

Would you believe an automobile can be one of the more "fascinating" aspects of inter-generational relationships?

One of the hardest things I've had to learn to do is to be the passenger and not the driver of a car. Young men rarely think about such nonsense, but as we grow older, the idea of jumping into the car and driving somewhere grows less and less exciting. Finally, the thought becomes downright frightening, and then, all of a sudden one day, the actual driving itself is no longer a working option.

When that day arrives, painful realizations come to mind. "I've lost control of my ability to work. I've lost control of my penis. I've lost control of the rest of my tired body. Now, I've lost control of my car."

For the average American of my era, the automobile symbolized the endless wonder of masculinity. Learning to drive became the first sign of manhood. It was how we impressed the opposite sex (or the same sex). It gave us independence. We used it to make money and to have fun. The automobile was often the reflection of our personality. The make and price of the car determined our social status in the world.

Cars often set the goals for our life. I remember a long time ago saying, "Some day I'm going to have a Cadillac."

Well, a lot of water has passed over and under and around the bridge since that remark was made, and still no Cadillac. But I did spend thirty-five years working for that goal. Like so many, I continually took the next difficult step, hoping to make it big some day and buy that beautiful Cadillac.

I remember a business trip to Florida one summer. I reserved a rental car, an inexpensive economy car that fit the parameters of my budget. I had to drive north from Miami to a little town called Sebastian. When I arrived at the car rental place, all the cars were out except a new Cadillac. Because I had rented the car in advance, I was given the beautiful blue Cadillac in place of what I had rented for the same rental price.

I stopped three times in the first block trying to figure out how to work the different gadgets. It was a typical sunny Florida day and somehow, I accidentally turned on the windshield wipers. Finally, I had to stop at a service station and ask the attendant how to turn them off. The automatic thermostat in the heat of Florida was, by far, the most impressive feature.

That new Cadillac made my boring trip to Florida the most beautiful and exciting business trip of my life. But, as all business trips do, it ended, and I soon found myself back in the real world.

Years have passed. There are no more business trips, exciting or otherwise. But the Cadillac will not be forgotten.

Now that driving has suddenly become a little strenuous, I let Bob do the driving. He is a good driver, but I would be the last person to tell him that. It would go right to his head.

Now, I get into the car on the passenger side, and before we've gone a mile, I've put on the brakes more times than I care to recollect. I'm sure the floorboard in front of me is feeling the stress of it all. It has been "delicately" suggested that I get one of those rubber steering wheels that attach to the dashboard—you remember, the ones we got for our children when they were little.

Then I would be in control again. I would determine our speed, when we braked, when to stop for the stop signs, how close we were to the side of the road, or how close we stayed to the line in the middle of the road.

Going through all this is hard enough, but I have to keep my mouth shut too, and that's the difficult part. Learning to keep one's mouth shut at inappropriate times is what separates "the men from the boys." Every now and then I'll slip and say something. The response is always the same. "Do you want to get over here and drive?"

So instead, I nonchalantly look out the window and watch the trees pass, or children playing at the side of the road, or the neighbor's dog, or a deer grazing in the meadow, or the Autumn foliage, or the river swollen from the winter rains.

It's really not so bad. But things like this can't help but remind me of lost youth, even when youth is sitting on the seat next to me, doing a better job of driving than I ever did.

PAPA BEAR lives with his life mate, BABY BEAR, near Guerneville, California, in view of the Russian River. Together, they operate the very popular and beautiful bed and breakfast establishment called THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, which hosted the very first CR GATHERING back in 1991 (and the second one in 1992). As a matter of fact, the whole concept of the CR GATHERINGS is PAPA BEAR's idea. You haven't lived until you spend a long weekend with these two marvelous guys at their mountain retreat deep in a redwood forest.

FAMILY VALUES: A GLIMPSE AT CR's MUSICAL FAMILY

By Finney Edwards

There are indeed some very bright stars in our midst. While we have already looked at some of the music of Kit Watkins (and will again in the future), there are many other members of the CR family bringing music and enjoyment to people around the world. Here are a couple more who are an inspiration in their own right:

HAROLD ZABRACK

We don't know if Mr. Zabrack is currently involved with someone, but if so, they are lucky indeed. Imagine, a man with a Ditka-esque look and stature, but with the sensitivity to become an acclaimed pianist, composer and author. A quick look at some of the accolades bestowed upon him makes it obvious that Zabrack has something important to offer. The *New York Times* called the premiere of his *Sonata for Two Pianos* "apocalyptic in spirit... arresting;" The *New York Music Journal* said "there is an intensity in his writing that encompasses profundity and passion."

Zabrack has published a multitude of piano works and has performed at Carnegie Hall as well as around the country and in Canada, Europe and South America. For example, his music has been performed by The St. Louis Symphony, The Pittsburgh Symphony and The Milwaukee Symphony. His articles have appeared in noted industry journals such as *Clavier*, *The American Music Teacher* and *The Journal of The American Liszt Society*. Zabrack lectures and teaches around the country on topics ranging from J.S. Bach, Brahms and Debussey, to his own physical approach for coping with the ailments frequently afflicting musicians, such as tendonitis, carpal tunnel syndrome and muscular fatigue.

Looks, music, medical capabilities... sounds like a man made in heaven.

LOU HARRISON

Investigating the music of Lou Harrison has been particularly enlightening for us at CR. Not only was it interesting to learn of his works, but a tad overwhelming to walk in to Tower Records and find a well stocked section of his music (proof that no matter how much one thinks one knows, one can always learn something new). It was all the more intimidating just to look at his picture on one of the CDs, depicting an intense artist who has "seen it all." His big eyes and grey beard speak of a lifetime of experiences; I didn't even have to read the liner notes to know that here is an interesting (and attractive, I might add) character.

Lou Harrison is a contemporary of John Cage, and his influence is felt and appreciated by musicians the world over (heck, the check-out guy at Tower even commented on his music—I knew I was in for something).

Musically, Harrison covers quite an amazing bit of territory. According to Ned Rorem's writing in the respected *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, Harrison studied under the influential Henry Cowell, Arnold Schönberg and later worked with John Cage organizing recitals of percussion music. He has received particular notoriety in musical circles for his pioneering introduction of the Indonesian gamelan to the United States; he and his life mate William Colvig have innovated and created their own diverse percussion instruments including two large gamelans now in use at San Jose State University and Mills College.

He has composed more than 100 works including ballets, operas, orchestral, choral/vocal and chamber music, many of which have been performed by respected musicians such as pianist Keith Jarrett and conductor Dennis Russel Davies. He has published books of poetry (the one he sent us has some wonderfully frank moments, reflecting on many of the people he has known, from John Cage to his life mate Bill). He has written for the *New York Times*. A world traveler, Harrison has lived in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, North Carolina, New Zealand, Oaxaca and the beautiful Monterey Bay area of California where he resides today. He is on the faculty of San Jose State College.

It is impossible to categorize his music. Some of the pieces we listened to were quite beautiful and others disturbing. Some are very melodic, while others blend percussion with a somewhat avant-garde dissonance. Even if this doesn't sound like your kind of music, be adventurous and try it. It could be a rewarding experience.

San Franciscan Finney Edwards recently had a pleasantly surprising meeting with another intergenerational couple of a similar age-spread as he and his 71-year-old lover. Even more exciting was the fact that, like Finney, the younger half also composed music and has a home recording studio. The two are now beginning to collaborate on various types of music, and may even write about "mature" themes, with which both writers are quite familiar.

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **FRESNO BILL** is 60, single and living in the Fresno area. He's an excellent cook and likes to play cards, dance, attend the theatre, and travel—especially to Hawaii and the desert. Originally from Montana, he's now semi-retired from the nursery business and is a well-known rose expert.

Page 2: **THE MAGICIAN** is 56, unattached and lives in Georgia. With his effervescent personality, twinkling brown eyes and disarming smile, he casts a spell on everyone he meets. He's a gracious Southern charmer, an aspiring writer, and he welcomes correspondence from all.

Page 4: **MAL** is a 71-year-old single New Yorker who has a home in Greenwich Village. He is a retired automotive executive who was a college boxer in his younger days. He is a distinguished World War II veteran and served as a major on the European front. **OHIO JOGGER**, 60, is an avid jogger who lives in Ohio. He enjoys horses, dogs, sports, nudism, traveling, dancing, cooking, cuddling and grandpas. He seeks a monogamous relationship with an older (to 80 and up) man who has a good personality and who is sharp and upbeat with a little craziness. **OUTSPAN** is a young 70 who lives in sub-tropical Australia. He loves art, music, theatre, swimming, boating, gym, intellectual stimulation, etc. He seeks well-preserved, nonsmoker/light drinker, international friends, preferably 55-75 and desirous of a travel companion or reciprocal hospitality. Life mate would be ideal. **TOMBO** is single, 47, and weighs 165#. He works at a local iron works in Georgia and has lived with the photographer for two years. They like to travel, especially in Southern Appalachians. Both would like to meet and entertain other men, 47 and older, preferably over 200#.

Page 5: **SLIM**, 61, lives in rural central Wisconsin and enjoys outdoors and all sports. He seeks same, age 30-65, nonsmoker, light drinker. **HIKER TOM** lives in northern New Jersey and would love to visit a local (only) senior who is stocky, dominant and retired. **MR. PANHANDLE & MR. G.** are mates, but they live far apart. The former lives in Texas but frequently travels to California. The latter lives in central to southern California. Both men enjoy roughing it in a camper by the lake or river and would like to hear from others with the same tastes. **THE PILOT**, 61, resides in Florida and San Francisco. He seeks friendship or relationship with a 25 to 35-year-old who is caring, loving, mature and sincere. He loves to pilot his own airplane and says, "Come fly with me."

Page 6: **AUSSIE** is a 63-year-old resident of Western Australia who is gentle, loving, considerate, and passive Greek/active French. He loves travel, outdoors, and seeks a sexually active young guy who needs love and affection and who can afford a trip to Australia to stay with him. **STASCH** is a 3/4 time travel agent who likes solving complex travel requests in NYC area. He's an active 69er who loves ocean swimming, walking the beaches and relaxing with Yoga and classical music. Sexually, he's very tactile and delights in giving and getting massages. **GUITARMAN** is a masculine, 54-year-old Floridian who lives alone with his dog. He enjoys music, exercise and many hobbies. He seeks 57+ men who don't drink or smoke.

Page 7: **MUSIC MAN & BB** met at the Orlando Gathering and now are living together in Tennessee. MUSIC MAN is 48 and is a keyboard player in a country band from Nashville. BB is 72 years young and is a retired V.P. from the furniture business. They would love to hear from other couples and enjoy making new friends. **CHEROKEE** (47) **& LIBRAN** (37) live in the Bay Area. They enjoy cooking, nudism, traveling, and entertaining friends in their home. Their pets include exotic goldfish, two cats and two Dachshunds. **CLINT & KEN** met back in September of '90 after KEN answered CLINT's ad in CR. See guys, it works! They are looking forward to making new friends in Las Vegas and would love to hear from anyone planning to visit Phoenix, where they live. **ZEALOUS** (53) **& CANUCK** (35) have had a loving, open relationship for five years and enjoy camping, nudism and Prime Timer functions. They live in Vancouver and would like to hear from similar for friendship.

Page 8: **DAMAL**, 35, is 5'-8", 250#, muscular, and lives in New Jersey near NYC. This guy is a multi-talented professional entertainer and seeks men from 30 to 65 who are heavyset/chubby. He prefers hairy and/or facial hair and LOVES Santa look-a-likes. He's single but not looking for a lover . . . yet.

Page 19: **ILLINOIS BILL**, 68, lives alone in rural Illinois. He likes men over 50, is looking for a permanent relationship and has a lot of love to give the right man .

Page 24: **KEEFER**, 67, lives in rural northern California and seeks a lasting, monogamous relationship with a helpmate who is interested in outdoors and spectator sports.

Page 25: **STRAC**, 53, is 5'-9", 190# and lives in the Midwest. He enjoys safe, sensual bedroom romps with guys 50+. Interests include reading, music, the arts, sports, history, public affairs and collecting hot tapes of mature men.

Page 32: **BIG PAW** has not one but two lifemates! He and CR models BUNK and LITTLE PAW live in Idaho, where they are involved in a very loving, open relationship.

Page 33: **GREYBEARD**, 69, is retired and living in Atlanta, where he enjoys cooking, working out, spectator sports and meeting new people, especially big burly men over 40.

Page 41: **BAY AREA T.J.**, 55, 5'-11", 190#, lives in San Francisco. He has a lifemate, age 77, of 26 years, yet he enjoys meeting men of "full habit," any age, any number. **XEBEC**, 69, 5'10", 210#, is a Bay Area resident who enjoys art museums, photography, travel and all types of guys.

Page 47: **POLAR BEAR** is 40 and lives in Pennsylvania. He enjoys gardening, camping, sports, outdoors, music, art, photography, and running his own company. He and his companion of 5 years enjoy corresponding and making new friends with bearded, bearish-type men.

Page 58: **JOEL & THOM** are two of the best known and loved CR contributors. JOEL has supplied us with a multitude of new models and fine photography, and THOM has been a model so many times that we've lost count. After they met through CR a few years back, THOM moved to be with JOEL in Idaho. They have a very loving, open relationship . **LARRY** and soul mate, JIM, have been together for almost five years. LARRY, 43, is a strong, sensitive daddy bear who enjoys the company of hot men, regardless of race or age. **LOU** and **BUZZ** have been mated for 30 years and enjoy an open, safe-sex lifestyle. They live in St. Augustine, Florida and enjoy corresponding and meeting new friends. **ROMULUS** is a 68-year-old retired military man. He enjoys nudism and frequents local nudist facilities in central

Florida. Having no involvement in a personal relationship, he welcomes communication.

Page 59: **BAY AREA DICK** is an oversexed San Franciscan in his mid 50s. He travels the U.S. and Europe often and enjoys meeting mature men of any age for social and sexual activities. Stocky, bald bears are a special treat. **L.G.** is a 56-year-old professional living in Idaho. He's interested in travel, video and coin collection and would enjoy correspondence with C-Risers. **GLABROUS** is a 62-year-old naturist living near London. His interests include massage, Scrabble and holidays in the sun, especially the Canary Islands . **KONA JEM**, residing in Hawaii, is 74, 5'-10" and 186#. His tastes and interests are catholic: He paints, writes, cooks, pots, gardens, swims, snorkels, camps and hikes. He likes the theater, films, travel, reading, art, photography, good music—most cultural things. He seeks a stocky, heavy, older man for a lifemate .

Page 60: **JOHN W.** is a very athletic young man. He currently lives in L.A. and would like to meet someone who is clean-shaven, sincere, passionate and older for a quality friendship. **THE ILLINOIS TONGUE** is 30, 5'9" and 365 pounds. He's very turned on by white, Hispanic or Asian men who are 50-100+ and have waist lines greater than 40 inches. Extra small endowments are a special turn-on. Physically challenged or flaccid men are also encouraged to write. **COWBOY CUB**, 29, is single and likes older men with salt and pepper hair, age 50+. He lives in Dallas and is looking for a long-term relationship. He loves country and western dance, beaches, ranch hobbies, hugs, rodeoing, and lots of cuddling. **C.L. DODD** is an art lover who lives in New Mexico. He wants to learn classical type painting and, along with his lifemate, is looking for a third permanent lover . **NATE** is a 35-year-old West Virginian who is 5'-8", 160#, hairy and masculine. He enjoys meeting men who are IN SHAPE and between 30-60. Race unimportant. **BIFF** is a child of the fifties and collects furnishings of that decade. He lives on the Monterey Peninsula and enjoys the company of older, hairy, moustached men. He's single and seeks California companionship.

Page 61: **SAGEBRUSH** is 45, 5'-10", 205# and lives in central Idaho. He enjoys meeting men, 35-60 for new friendships and fun. **MARSHAL** is 53, 6'-2", 260# and lives in the Northwest. He's an extraordinarily talented musician who enjoys photography, travel and the outdoors (hiking, swimming). He welcomes all pen-pals (with photo), especially mature cuddle-bears. **LONESOME DOVE** is 52 and lives in Illinois, where he enjoys art/oil painting, writing, photography, cooking, camping, nature, fireplaces and music, among many other things. He's only interested in men 60+ and hopes to find that one special relationship . **CAPE CODDER** is 45, single, likes beards/bears and masculine men, 40-60. He's relationship oriented and lives on Cape Cod.

Page 62: **HAPPY PAPPY**, 65, lives in Northern California. Masculine, sincere and very passionate, he's looking for mature men, 50-70, who are on the chubby side and who are very loving and caring **CLAY PUSHER**, 69, lives in Alabama and wants to find a monogamous man, 25-55, with whom to create a studio home. His main interests for life are to love and to be loved and to create things of beauty for the world to enjoy. **MADISON** was born in 1902 and lives in Oregon. He used to enjoy hunting and fishing but doesn't get outdoors so much these days. He still enjoys taking out his teeth and showing off his oral abilities, however. This delightful elder welcomes all pen-pals who send a photo. **ST. PETER** is a 61-year-old, 5'-8", 155# Italian who lives in a small town on the coast of Northern California. He seeks a lifemate his age or younger who is trim, less hairy and a nonsmoker. He always enjoys making new friends.

Page 63: **SOCCEROO**, 48, is still playing soccer and Aussie Rules Football in Tasmania. He likes men with vigor, about the same age, who are as keen outdoors as indoors. **TASSIE TIGER** is holed up in the Tasmanian hydro-electric scheme in Australia. He responds to a gentle touch and slow priming and is currently divorced with six grown kids. He says, "Now is the time to play!" **A.J. ESQ.** is 56, 5'-8", 175#, single, retired, a nonsmoker, masculine, healthy, and lives in Maryland. He seeks a rugged, masculine, in-shape, easy going, mature man with whom to share his life. He enjoys meeting new friends, outdoors, water, travel, quiet evenings at home and good music. **JOE DON** is a 42-year-old trucker from Alabama. This 230# bear would like to contact really BIG, masculine men, 60+ in southern states for visits. Photo and phone number is a must.

Back Cover: **HERMAN THE GERMAN**, the hit of last issue, is single and lives about five miles from the epicenter of the Northridge Quake. He's 63, 5'-8", 185# and says he loves good head. He prefers masculine men younger than himself, lean to stocky, and hung.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

SIMON BARR is an excellent professional portrait photographer who lives in Fresno with his older mate of many years (and CR cover model back in October 90), HANK. He's been a great CR supporter for many years and has been responsible for some great covers. What on earth would we do without SIMON BARR and CHELSEA WILLIAMS?

BAZZA (aka BLUEY) lives near Melbourne where, in addition to making a living, he photographs some of the most masculine and ruggedly handsome men we've ever seen—on *any* continent. We ask him how he does it, and he replies that he travels the southern Australian states during the summer holidays and overtly seeks out these types. That's why he calls himself "Bazza," which in Aussie slang means "a fairly forthright person who can quell the inhibitions in men." We have no idea what he looks like, but he will be at the Las Vegas bash. Wait until you see the too-hot-for-CR shots we'll publish in the next CR CLASSICS.

JOEL is profiled above, but we might add here that he will be at the Gathering with his camera, along with RICHIE II and MACRO.

ARTISTS

Page 18: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

Page 46: **JAMES L. HAWKINS**, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years, Jack Gray, age 73, in their home in West Los Angeles. They both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

NOTE: **RAM**'s planned drawing for this issue was a little too rough for Canadian customs, so we decided to publish it with an awesome color masterpiece in CR CLASSICS #4, coming up.

FICTION

REQUIEM, FOR THE SAD TIMES

by Marsh Cassady

Tom and I had just moved from the house to the apartment. The last of the kids—Sally's and mine—had moved out. Into a harsher world than I ever knew. Rapes and muggings, drive-by shootings, corner drug deals.

You know how it is when you move. You must deal with the cardboard boxes you drag with you for years, rarely ever opening. But a two-bedroom apartment is a far cry from a five-bedroom house.

For Tom it was easier. He'd been married too, but Penny was still alive. The memories were stored mostly at her house. I was forced to carry mine with me, distilled over the years, consolidated.

I knew what was in those boxes. Another me, a different lifetime, a distant world where dreams were supposed to come true.

Some of it was easy; I split it among the kids--some going to Iowa, some to Oklahoma, some to Katie right here in Fountain Valley.

Then I found this note. It must have gotten damp somewhere along the way, no doubt in the fruit cellar where it was stored when Sally and I lived in Kokomo. Brown, crumbly, words here and there lost forever.

"Tonight is one of the sad times," I'd written. "I still remember that night after the formal, standing on your dorm porch, the light pale behind you, the bittersweet smile of love on your face."

The note, written two years after our marriage, was a lament, an apology. I loved her deeply, but we got off to a bad start, both enrolling in graduate school, getting into debt, trying to cope with our new relationship. I couldn't tell Sally what bothered me most. Jesus, I grew up in a tiny town of 1500 people. *Fifteen hundred people.* I didn't understand being queer. At first I thought everyone felt what I did, that it was just a part of life.

I learned at college that wasn't so. Two freshmen boys were caught in bed together. They were shunned by the rest of us. Dear God, that was a different sort of time.

There's openness now. Or maybe it's because I'm no longer a small town boy.

Sally . . . Dear Sally . . .

She died. Fifteen years after I wrote that piece. Fourteen years ago now. I went on, raised the kids as best I could. I'm not cut out to be a father. . .

The kids all know what Sally didn't. I think they've forgiven me.

I'm sitting in the middle of the living room surrounded by memories. I spy the Roy Rogers coin purse that belonged to Sally. He was her first love, she said. Why is the purse still here? When Sally knew she was dying, she gave all her things away, dividing them among the kids. I felt bad about that, so I split up my stuff too. The little wooden box Dad had made, my special stones, my Tom Mix badge and my secret code ring.

Maybe Sally put the purse away at the last moment because she couldn't bear to part with it. Now here are all these other things I haven't been able to part with.

I've been sitting here for hours, sorting through boxes. Tom comes out of the second bedroom. "About finished?" he asks. "It's getting late."

"I don't know what to do with this stuff," I tell him.

He smiles, shrugs. He has only one box, a box he's carried with him for years. I never thought I was much of a saver. Sally was the saver. Yet, I have every scrap of paper with her handwriting on it, every article of clothing she gave me that I still had when she died.

And suddenly I think: If Sally were alive, I'd have discarded these worn out clothes; I'd have thrown away these miscellaneous grocery lists, these notes of appointments long since kept or canceled.

My mother once remarked: "You know Sally wasn't a saint."

"No, Mom," I answered, "she wasn't. But she's the closest to it we'll ever find."

I pick up the piece of paper and read it again. "...the light, pale behind you, the bittersweet smile of love on your face." She'd not wanted me to leave that night so long ago. But my friends were waiting in the car.

I hold the paper close. I'm surprised it no longer smells musty. "Oh, Sally . . ."

I want to bring back those innocent times. But then again I like what I am right now, more than I liked any other me. I wish I could share this with you, Sally, I think. But how could I? How could you understand?

I've led two different lives since Sally died. The father rearing his kids, never being as open about himself as he'd like. And the second life—the year since Tom and I took the apartment after Katie moved out.

I sigh, hesitate, toss the appointment and grocery lists into the waste basket in the kitchen. I gather the remaining items, the essence of all my lives, and place them into a single box like Tom's. I close the lid, carry the box to a shelf in the extra bedroom—Tom's study. He's staring at the computer screen, fingers clicking the keys.

What if Sally had been the gay one, and I straight? Would I have understood? I doubt it.

Who do I blame? Myself, my parents, God, society?

Just last week I talked to my daughter Rachel, getting a divorce after less than a year of marriage.

"We knew we had problems," she told me. "We thought marriage would solve them." How could she believe such a thing? How could Ronald believe such a thing?

But isn't that what I believed too? That marriage would cure me—Sally loved me, right from the beginning, so I couldn't disappoint her. I couldn't walk off that porch forever.

Sally.

I pick up the note once more.

Tom loves me, accepts me when I'm impatient, frustrated, depressed, cranky, nasty. Sally loved me.

Tom is now. But Sally . . . will live in my heart forever. I fold the note again and again and again, then toss it into the waste basket.

"Tom," I call. "Tom."

He sticks his head around the corner.

"Yes?" he says.

"I love you," I tell him.

"I know," he answers. And then he smiles.

MARSH CASSADY, 58, is the distinguished author of 29 books, both fiction and nonfiction, with 6 more due out this year. Many of his works have been adopted into the theatre curricula at major universities. Holding a Ph.D. in theatre, he is now copublisher of *Crazyquilt*, a mainstream literary quarterly. He lives in San Diego with his life mate, CR editor and contributor JIM KITCHEN, 73. Marsh is included in the recent biographical source book: *Contemporary Gay American Novelists*, edited by Emmanuel S. Nelson.

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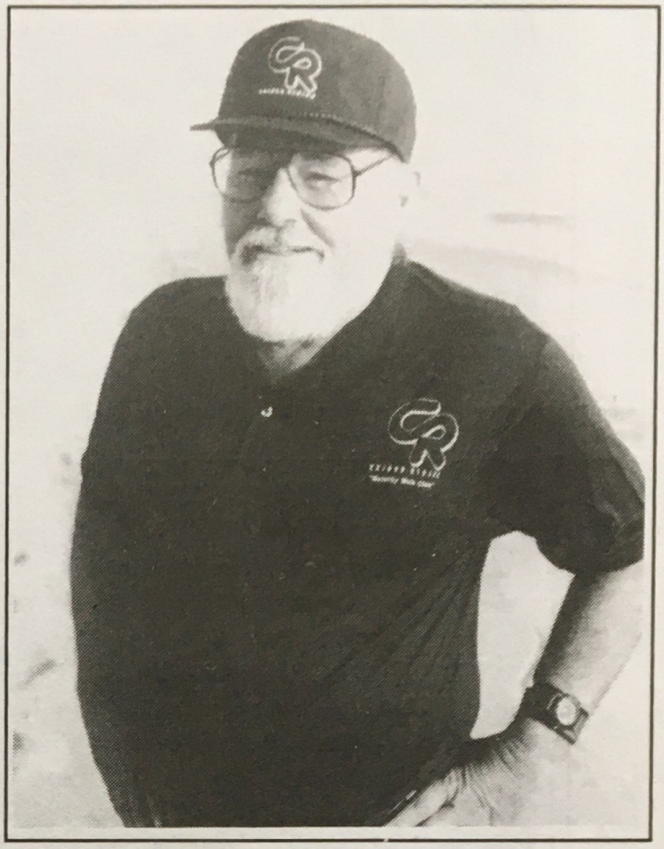

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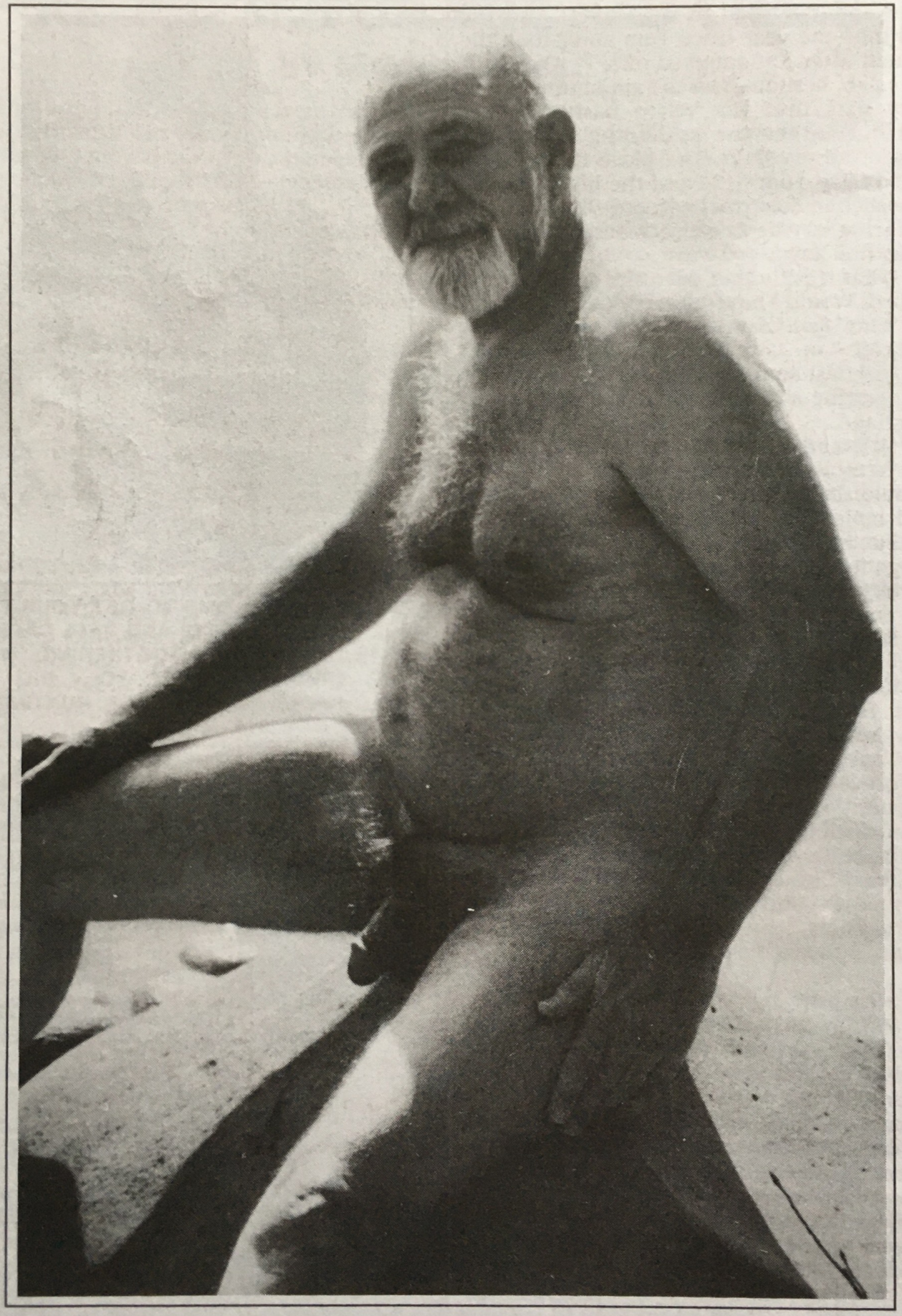

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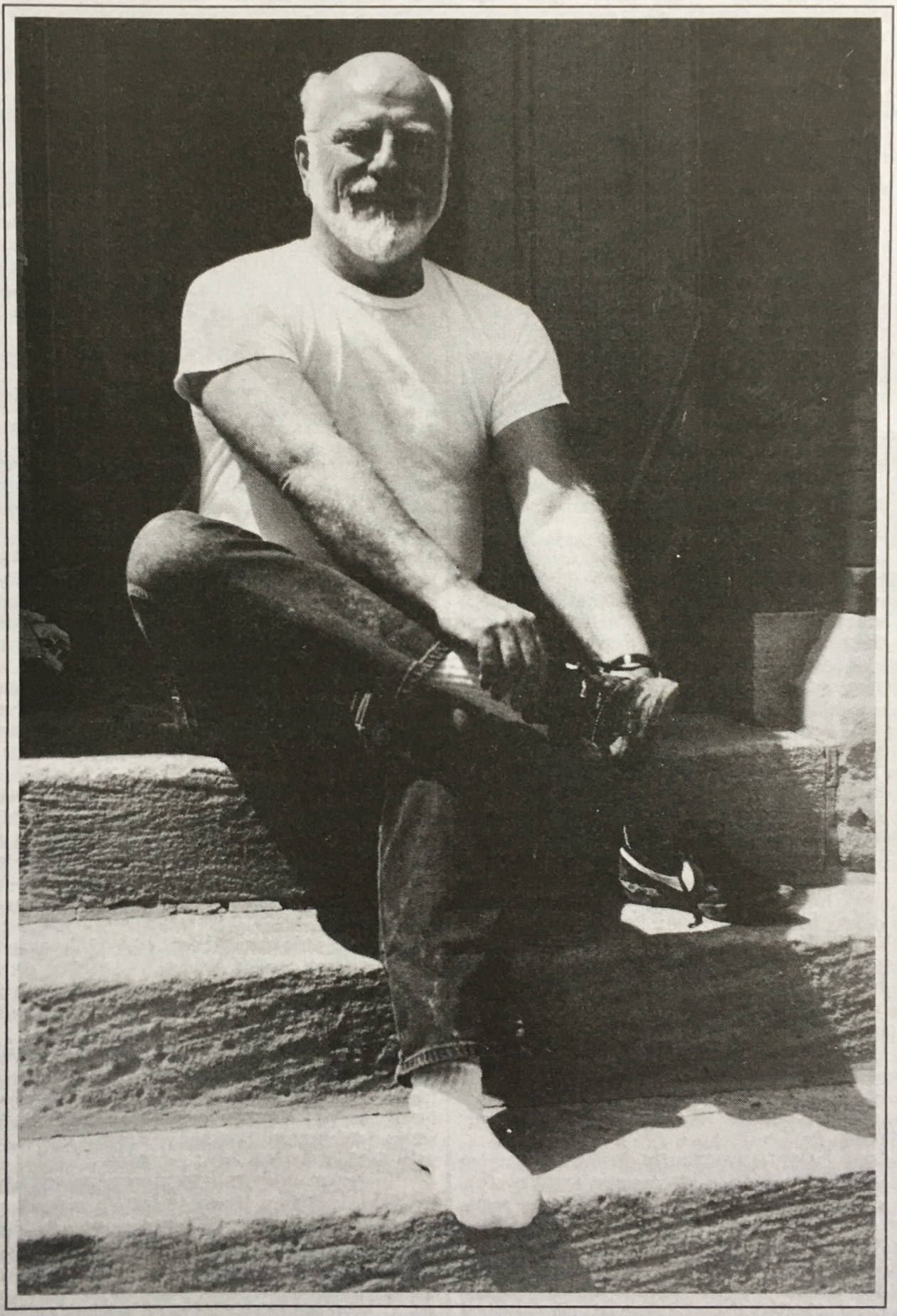

PHOTO BY W.C.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ALABAMA

(4/94) BIRMINGHAM - 1ST AD: GWM, 28, 185#, 5-8", blond, blue eyes, masculine, nonsmoker. Race and weight not a problem. Age: ONLY OLDER MEN (the older the better). Must be clean. I have only been with two older men, and it's the best! Will answer all. A photo will be nice. R. Scott Hall, P.O. Box 21442, Birmingham, AL 35216.

ARIZONA

(6/94) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race, under 50. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: Model **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, into light S & M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(4/94) PORTLY TO HEAVYWEIGHTS: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, smooth, 6" uncut, retired, cover model for CRC#3. Seeks large to very large men, any age. Open to lifetime commitment. Pen pal, photo exchange nationwide welcome. Can travel. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy 245, Miramonte, CA 93641, (209) 336-0006.

(8/94) CAMPTONVILLE: I'm 63, 5'-8", 180#, nonsmoker, light drinker, brown hair, HIV negative, excellent cook, self-employed. Interests include travel, metaphysics, my home. Like J/O. I seek warm, fun lover for serious relationship. Uncut only. Write: Jack Beggs, P.O. Box 340, Camptonville, CA 95922, or call (916) 288-3237.

(4/94) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. I'm GWM, 46, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-gray hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, clean-shaven faces, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, quiet non-urban lifestyle. Please include return address with response. John, P.O. Box 4654 Foster City, CA 94404.

(4/94) SANTA ROSA/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: Where are all you chubby chasers? Baby face GWM, 53, 6 ft., chubby, HIV negative, nonsmoker/non-drink, nudist, 5-1/2 cut, big belly, hairless, big titties, 305#, founder of Sonoma Bares Nudist Club. Write: George Mills, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(4/94) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 52, 5'-10", 210#, HIV negative, white hair and beard, seeking lifemate/partner and friends, single or couples. You enjoy quiet times, conversation, ideas. You are open, caring , loving, kind, affectionate and fun, with a good sense of humor. Write: N.D., Box 463, Forestville, CA 95436.

(4/94) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-5", 170#, nonsmoker, light drinker, smooth skin, brown hair, HIV negative, straight acting. Like music, golf, fishing, dining, cards, travel. Looking for companion, possible lifemate over 55. Prefer stocky to larger build. Note and your picture for mine to: John, 2524 Ardmore Dr., San Pablo, CA 94806.

(6/94) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Tall GWM, 48, 190#, nonsmoker, balding, 6-1/2" cut, masculine, seeking relocatable, slim, nonsmoking, HIV negative, loyal mate, 21-45, for long-term, home-centered, monogamous relationship. Write: **BEST MAN**

(6/94) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Loving, affectionate, 37, 5'-11", swimmers build, blond, bearded, into nature, quiet

times and hiking. Seeks friendships with active, caring men around 50s who are caring, supportive and loving. Belly, hairy, balding, bearded all plusses but not required. Look forward to outings, trips and maybe a long-term relationship Write with photo: T.H., Box 578, Penngrove, CA 94951.

(6/94) OAKLAND: Mature, trim, in-shape, not-quite-elderly, ex-athlete CHUBBY CHASER seeks agreeable CHUBBY, plump to very, very heavy, all ages. Must be self-approving, have sense of humor, and enjoy giving and receiving affection. Possible tong term relationship. Write: Harvey, 244 Mather St., Okland, CA 94611.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(4/94) MONTEREY/SALINAS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 61, 165#, stable, nonsmoker, caring, friendly, safe, semi-retired, seeks clean, healthy, cut, good buddy/pal, 50+, possibly to share my home. Like travel, camping, reading, gardening and cuddly sex. Send phone, photo (returned). Will answer all. Write: R.C., 128 Pine St., Salinas, CA 93901.

(6/94) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Small, submissive, affectionate, healthy, retired Southern gentleman wants to share with you all the pleasures of Southern living. Come visit California's central coast, away from summer's heat and winter's cold, the smog and freeway traffic and crime of the city. One-half day's drive or one hour's flight from L.A. or the Bay Area. I'm 74, 5'-7", 145#, nonsmoker, HIV negative, Gr/P, Fr/A. Write: **TARHEEL**

(8/94) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Nonsmoker, GWM, in mid 60s, 5'-8", 188#, uncut, loves French A & P, seeks lover, companion, best friend. You need to be 21-38, slim, nonsmoker, healthy and able to move to a small town near Fresno and enter into a monogamous relationship. Write: **GOVERNOR**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) L.A. AREA: Cute GWM, 30, 5'-8", 135#, muscular, smooth, gymnist body and financially secure, seeks very wealthy gentleman (over 55), with beerbelly, who weighs over 230#, for special bonding to share love and affection. Send correspondence to C.B., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(4/94) L.A. AREA: GWM, 52, 6'-0", 230#, looking for friend to enjoy travel, sports, movies, dining and videos. Enjoy visiting CR readers on vacation trips. Write: **BIG BILL** or phone (909)-596-3612.

(4/94) PALM SPRINGS: GBM, 50, retired pro football player, 6'-1", 222#, HIV negative, very masculine, healthy (work out each day), very good body, nonsmoker, no drugs, non-drinker. I am very sincere and affectionate. I enjoy movies, cooking, eating out, traveling, sports, and lots of hugging and kissing. I am looking for a GWM who is HIV negative, retired, 65 +, honest bottom, nonsmoker, drug-free, who enjoys togetherness. I want someone who is willing to develope an affectionate, monogamous, loving relationship to bring joy to life and banish the loneliness through having each other to love. I know there is an older man out there who needs love the same as I, and I would like to please him with all the love I can give. Will reply to all letters. Please send photo and I will do the same. Write: H.M.W., P.O. Box 3175, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(4/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: B/M, 40s, 200#, beard, quiet, professional type looking for ongoing friendship with mature man. Interested in long oral sessions with very large partner. Also enjoy j/o and videos. Any age, race or weight, but must be hung big. Am clean and discreet, so expect the same. If sincere, write: Don, Box 4343, Ontario, CA 91761.

(4/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Unique, 48, 6'-7", 300#, attractive, professional GWM seeking a GBM who is sincere, honest, affectionate, caring and who is open to the possibility of a relationship built on trust, respect, honesty and celebrated with a loving and affirming intimacy. Explore the possibilities! Write: **KEYNOTE**

(6/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Curious WM, 63, beautiful buns, seeks HIV negative, discreet, affectionate friend, 50-90, hung any size, hard or soft. Your place. Feminine okay. Prefer Orange County, CA. Write: **BUNBOY**

(6/94) L.A./NATIONWIDE: GM, Chinese, 40, 5'-7", 160#, clean-shaven, smoker, HIV negative, hairless, bottom only. Seek top, masculine, rugged, HIV negative, chubby to heavy older man for relationship. My interests are computers, good food, travel, laughs, humor, and quiet time at home. Race open. Willing to travel or relocate for the right man. Pen-pals welcome. Photo appreciated. Write: **MICROCOMPUTER**

(8/95) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 51, 5'-11", husky, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, cut/average, masculine, discreet. Seeks masculine men into various mutual J/O scenes, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(6/94) REDLANDS: 5'-8", 160#, seeking friends or ? Nudist, HIV negative, oral active. Write: **MR. DRIP** (model in CR #59)

(6/94) SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 63, 6'-1", 170#, semi-retired educator, active, fit, nonsmoker/non-drinker, HIV negative, seeks friends/mate, 36-66, trim. Enjoy simple life, dining, traveling, hiking, loving, home, being with special like-minded person. Fisher, Box 40333, Santa Barbara, CA 93140.

COLORADO

(6/94) VERY ATTRACTIVE, masculine young man, 39, 5'-10", 160#, black hair, brown eyes, good shape, seeks that special masculine, handsome gentleman, 50+, for friendship and good times. Hairy, well-built, executive type a plus, but all are welcome. Your photo and phone get mine. Write: T.T., P.O. Box 1654, Denver, CO 80201.

(8/94) DENVER: GWM, 57, 6'-1", stocky, hairy, healthy, French A/P, Greek P, moustache, beard, with talented tongue. Seek men, any age, who like kissing, hugging, cuddling. Uncut a plus. Send photo; will reciprocate. Will be at Las Vegas meeting. Can travel; visitors welcome. R.C., 11101 E. Alameda #102, Aurora, CO 80012.

CONNECTICUT

(4/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 49, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(8/94) WASHINGTON: GBM, 40, 6'-1", 210#, moustache, 7" cut, healthy. Have a partner, but I'm seeking friendships/sex buddies. Feet and footwear are extreme turn-ons to me. Love lots of affection, J/O, French A/P, and light S/M. No anal. Other interests are books, theater, film, opera, travel, and dining out. Age, race, body type unimportant. Smoke and drink are okay as long as they don't dominate all else. Eric, P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

FLORIDA

(8/94) WEST PALM BEACH: Late 50s CR Model (cover of #48 and inside #53), ex-football player, single, flexible, looking for just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age. **KARL**

(4/94) CENTRAL FLORIDA - U.S. 27/441: Couple, 68 and 71. Singles/couples, 25+ for friendship/sex, one-to-one, welcome to our home. Located 48 miles north of Orlando, 23 miles south of Ocala. No collect calls, drugs, freeloaders, S & M. Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32158, or call (904) 753-2857.

(6/94) WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: If you are in your 30s and want a secure future filled with love, caring, affection and an opportunity to develop to your fullest capacity, write to me. I'm a GWM in my early 60s, and because of prostate problems, can function in every way except active sex. I have everything in life except a loving partner. Could it be you? Write: **MEMPHIS**

(10/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 40, 5'-6", 160#, nonsmoker, seeks new friends, singles/couples. See my photo in CR #58. Write: **SHORTY**

(4/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Tall, rugged, masculine, GWM, 60s, 6'-4", 265#, salt & pepper hair, moustache, youthful looking, hairy chest, tattoos, 6" cut, French A/P, Greek A (might be passive with the right man). I am a very affectionate, loving, sincere, caring, healthy person (HIV negative). I am seeking a man over 55, masculine, HIV negative, grey or white hair, husky, affectionate and loving, for a one-on-one, permanent relationship. I am an artist/portrait painter by profession, live alone and if necessary will relocate. I am not interested in one-night stands but in a monogamous and honest commitment. I love good conversation, quiet evenings at home, good music, fine art, good food, and a man with a good sense of humor. Under 6 feet and hairy a plus. Sincerity a must. Write: Russo, 505 N.E. 30th St., Apt. 404, Miami, FL 33137. Photo and phone number gets mine in return.

(4/94) NAPLES: GBM, 37, HIV negative, good-looking top, seeking older, good-looking, HIV negative, nonsmoking, clean-shaven (no facial hair) GWM or GOM bottom. You must be very tall and slender, ages 45-65. Looking for a rugged, manly, outdoorsy type. No sissies or country club clones. Salt and pepper or silver hair a definite plus. Serious replies only. Your photo and letter get mine. Please read ad carefully and not waste our time. Miller Hall, P.O. Box 10017, Naples, FL 33941.

(6/94) NORTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 61, 6 ft, 222#, nonsmoker, attractive. Want to meet mature man who is sensitive, caring and if possible near Ft. Walton Beach, FL. There are no height, weight or looks requirements, but must be in 60s-70s age range. Balding and accents a plus but not mandatory. For more details, exchange photo/phone. Descretion appreciated. Write: **MORRIS**

(6/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Nice looking WM, 60, 195#, football player body, blue-green eyes, light brown/grey, 'stache, wheelchair due to polio, Irish/Native American heritage, happy, positive, into music—mainly classical and Broadway. Nonsmoker, light social drinker, no drugs. Very much into men's chests—big, beefy, receptive . . . you know the kind. Am interested in foreplay and whatever happens, happens. HIV negative. Age and size irrelevant, just as long as you're honest. Write: **SOUTH FLORIDA WHEELS**

(4/94) FLORIDA/PORT RICHEY AREA: Lost mate to cancer. Leading lonely quiet life. GWM, 70, 6 ft., 170#, retired professional, HIV negative, sincere, caring, well-endowed, anticipating eventual long-term relationship. Seeking 60-70 with similar attributes, characteristics and goals. Northerners: Try a couple of week's vacation. Let's get acquainted. Rod - (813) 862-1395, weekdays after 6 p.m.

(10/94) SOUTH FLORIDA: Goodlooking man, 58, into making love, having sex, theatre, fine dining, movies, etc. Best time to call: Monday through Thursday, 11-1, am or pm, or leave message. Tourists welcome. Martin: (305) 583-6612.

(2/95) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 67. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(4/94) FLORIDA/TENNESSEE: Bottom seeks top. Discreet, young-looking white male, 70, 6'-2", 205#, HIV negative, nice build, chest, white hair, blue/green eyes, smooth, reddish complexion. Distinguished looking. Enjoys home life, camping. Sexually submissive. Seeks masculine top. Can travel or entertain in Florida. Frank letter, please. Write: **NOEHOW**

GEORGIA

(4/94) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 170#, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker. Let's exchange info and photo about ourselves. Write: Ed, 215 Shirley Dr., Warner Robins, GA 31088.

ILLINOIS

(4/94) NORTHWEST ILLINOIS/EASTERN IOWA: GHM, 35, 5'-7", 200#, masculine, fairly solid build. Into sports, the arts, dining out. Educated, hardworking, sincere, considerate, open-minded and very passionate. Prefer burly, 40+, masculine men like KIM, GEORGIA EDDIE and ROB DADEO. Looking to relocate to California. Write: Al Pecina, P.O. Box 221, Moline, IL 61265.

(4/94) ILLINOIS: GWM, 60, 5'-10", 140#, seeking age 60s-70s, any race, near Peoria, IL. Ed, Box 213, Bureau, IL 61315.

(4/94) ILLINOIS: Slim, professional GWM, 52, seeks GWM, 40-60, in Danville-Champaign area. Looking for intelligent, loving, gentle guy with great sense of humor for best friend. I believe that I have those same qualities. Enjoy cuddling, mutual J/O, theatre, movies, hot videos, and dining out. Not interested in sports, the outdoors, or bars. Must be very discreet and not promiscuous. I have been with very few guys and always practiced safe sex. Would not object if this is your first experience. No drugs or heavy drinking. Write soon, including name and telephone number, with best time to call. Photo appreciated but not required. All replies will be kept strictly confidential. **SLIM JIM**

KANSAS

(6/94) NE KANSAS: Retired, 60s, 5'-10 1/2", 165#, 6-1/2" uncut, bald with close clip, French A/P, Greek P, seeks masculine top, 40s+, photo. Write: **RUSS**

(6/94) KANSAS: Cushman motor scooters wanted, any condition. Black & white couple, 30/50, seeks friends, couples, travel, okay. Extremely hairy a plus. Write: **KANSAS SCOOTER**

MARYLAND

(4/94) LAUREL: 55, retired. Interests: Men my age or near it. Likes are music, travel, shows, the beach, dancing. Am very versatile for the right person. Photo and letter get reply. Let's meet. Write: A.J., Esq., P.O. Box 715, Laurel, MD 20707.

MASSACHUSETTS

(4/94) **BOSTON BILL** apologizes to the many wonderful guys who have written to him. I have not yet replied because of illness and neurosurgery, but am recovering nicely. I will respond to every one of you. Thank you for your patience and support. See you in Vegas, I hope.

(8/94) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good

body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

MICHIGAN

(4/94) SUBURBAN DETROIT: 70ish SGWM, retired professional with many interests, seeks clean-cut friend for socializing and sharing the golden years. **GROUNDBOUND**

MISSISSIPPI

(4/94) YOUNG: 66, 5'-10", 160#, uncut top, seeks older, over 180#, uncut visitors or permanent companion. Looking for relationship. Likes loving. Only one hour from New Orleans. Photo and phone to Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(6/94) KANSAS CITY: GWM, 53, 5'-10", 290#, dominant top, smoker, light drinker, in search of GWM, 21-35, trim, submissive bottom. Looking for friends first, maybe more. Honesty and boyish looks a plus. Reply with photo to: J.B., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

(6/94) ST. LOUIS: 45, 5'-11", 185#, HIV negative, brown eyes, black hair with white streaks, average size. Enjoy computers, golf, reading, dining out, new age jazz, photography at all levels, bicycling, gardening, traveling, pets (dogs), the arts, j/o sessions, videos and magazines featuring men over 55 with hairy chests. Collector of photos of same. Looking for an individual who is sincere, loving, caring, robust, passionate, cuddler, masculine, monogamous, nonsmoker, over 55 with a hairy chest (an advantage), and willing to share the rest of our lives together . . . similar couple not ruled out. Photographs appreciated. Write to: **PHOTO MAN**

(4/94) ST. LOUIS: Younger "sons" (over 18) traveling? Visit for good times with attractive, strong, young 62 Daddy and lifemate. Collegiate and military a plus. You won't regret a minute! Tom, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

NEBRASKA

(6/94) OMAHA/MIDWEST: GWM, 5'-8 1/2", 160#, blond/blue, 43 years old, seeking large, balding, older man (short) for possible relationship. Photo appreciated but not necessary (yours gets mine). Thanks! Write: **OZZIE**

NEVADA

(6/94) NATIONWIDE: 38, 5'-10", 172#, Oriental, healthy, nice looking, fit, nonsmoker and non-drug user, sexually Greek passive. I am attracted to white male older than I am (to 55), stocky or heavy-set top. Seeking pen pal, friend or relationship. I like travel, hiking, camping, watching sunset, music and quiet time at home. Write: J.H., P.O. Box 41272, Reno, NV 89504.

NEW JERSEY

(4/94) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 65, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(6/94) NATIONAL: Room/ship mate needed for CR '94 Gathering and Fall Cruise. Oriental, 30s, 5'-6", 165#, looking for a gentleman, 55+ to travel with or possible friendship. Write/photo to: **GRAY ADMIRER**

(6/94) I WANT TO BE SANTA'S #1 ELF!! I want a Santa, or reasonable facimile, to call my own. I am a GBM, 35, 5'-8", heavyset, friendly and loving. I'm a man-of-many-talents (magician and clown, among other things) who seeks someone to share the fun things in life, including: food, sports, SEX!!! If you're not a Santa, I'd still like to hear from men 30-65, heavy/chubby, hairy (body and/or face), or any combination of the above. Interested? Send a letter with photo and I will respond. Write to DAMAL, P.O. Box 22775, Neward, NJ 07101. New York City area gets top priority!

(4/94) SEEKS OLDER, HAIRY MEN: Affectionate, GWM, 44, 6'-4", 265#, seeks husky, hairy men, 55-65, well-endowed, for fun and maybe a relationship. Call Mike at (609) 695-3173.

(8/94) NEW JERSEY: GWM, 62, 5'-9", 210#, stocky, masculine, interested in men, 18-42, who are well-endowed and French passive, for occasional meetings, correspondence and phone talk. Will exchange photos and phone. Write: **VIRGIL**

NEW MEXICO

(6/94) BELEN: GWM couple, 32 and 34, in search of a classy, laid-back mature male that has been educated in the fine arts—someone willing to spend time to teach us the art of classical type painting. We are also very open to a permanent 3rd person in our relationship. Any and all letters will be answered. A clothed photo would be great. Write: C.L. Dodd, 1006 Santa Anita Dr., Belen, NM 87002-2930

NEW YORK

(6/94) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 45-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 180#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(4/94) LUSTFUL SENIOR SEEKING THE UNUSUAL: Circus, sideshow, carnival people; performers, exhibitionists (roustabouts too), heavily tattooed, pierced, strongmen, acrobats, double-jointed, self-suckers, high-threshold masochists, Havana's former Superman. Will accommodate most freaky, far-out sexual preferences (except tv's), guaranteeing pleasure/satisfaction. RCR, Box 3084, NYC 10163. (212) 684-3582.

(6/94) AFFECTIONATE, FUN-LOVING GWM, 46, 5'-9", 175#, brown hair, a great cuddler and kisser, seeks a relationship-prone guy, 40s to 60s to share life, love, theatre, movies, travel. Please include photo and phone number with letter. Write: **NEW YORK CITY FELLA**

(8/94) USED FRENCH SEAT, NYC, 67 years old. Classic tongue-in-groove construction for thorough sitting satisfaction. Multi-functional model fully services rear, front, feet. Looks and endowment not important. Relaxed, naturally selfish, clean white male any age over 50 appreciated. **CHAIR-MAN**

(4/94) GWM IN MY 50S, 5'-7", 165#, brown/brown, Spanish-Italian heritage. I'd like to meet with heavyset men, 200 to 280#, age until 65, no drugs, safe sex, versatile. I am a healthy person and like reading, music, walking and quiet nights. Not into S/M. Your photo gets mine. Write: Bernie, Apt. 6F, 176 W. 94 St., NYC 10025.

(4/94) WANTED: GWM, 55+, HAIRY CHESTED. You are above and husky, distinguished/conservative-looking, masculine, with no facial hair and a top. Me: GWM, mid-20s,

attractive, clean-cut, professional, HIV negative, sincere, athletic with a good build, and submissive yet masculine. I genuinely prefer the company of an older man. If you're hairy chested with that "chairman of the board" look and have an interest in developing a monogamous relationship, drop me a line. Will answer all replies. Turn-ons: grey/silver hair with blue eyes, cut men. Turn-offs: promiscuity, married men, long distance love affairs that go nowhere. Write: J.A., Grand Central Station, P.O. Box 2846, NYC 10163. Discretion assured.

(4/94) MANHATTAN SURBURB: (Reside 20 ft. from NYC in New Jersey) 45-year old GWM, graduate education and career. Just divorced and starting anew. Enjoy humor, travel, theatre, local politics, music, NYC, good conversation, some spectator sports, film, ethnic foods, anything related to psychology, sunsets, meditation, and relaxing massages. I see me as refined, focused, sincere, creative, clean-cut, non-nerdy, loyal, accomplished, wholesome, genuine, reliable, and occasionally insecure and intense. Since I am "truly" starting anew and have only straight friends now, I am open to social friendships for starters. SS and mutual JO possible but genuine friendship is more important. Drawn to warm, compassionate men—especially those who are also in the helping professions. Admit it! No matter how independent we want to be, we need each other. I am 5'-8", 165#. Reply to L.C., P.O. Box 7113, JAF Station, New York, NY 10116-4627.

NORTH CAROLINA

(4/94) CLINTON: 47, GWM, 7-1/2" cut, bottom only, loves sex. HIV negative. Looking for the Silver Fox who can give me the time of my life. I love good sex, food, soft times and hard times. I want my love to be over 49 years--someone who can fill me up when we are together. I am very loyal with whom I'm with, but he has to be over 49. I wish to work in a gay atmosphere, something like Key West or Palm Springs. Write: Willie V. Hobbs, 109 Kimbrough Rd., Clinton, NC 28328.

(4/94) EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA: GWM, 39, 5'-10", 225#, blond, blue eyes. Seeks mature male for friendship and companionship. Physically impaired, loving, honest, and a variety of interests. Joyner, P.O. Box 7062, Rocky Mount, NC 27804-0062.

NORTH DAKOTA

(4/94) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 5'-8", 180#, grey hair, bald, blue eyes, good-looking, horny and single, seeking sincere, honest gentlemen, 40-70, for monogamous lifemate or friendship. I am shy, gentle, sincere, honest and most of all very affectionate. Milwaukee guys: I travel to city once a year. Will consider friendships if you're interested. All replies are kept confidential. Will answer all with photo. Had ad in #59. **RICK DAKOTA**

OHIO

(10/94) OHIO/NATIONWIDE: Husky GWM, 45, 5'-4", 190#, seeking men, 18-49, as a non-relationship oriented son/buddy type, penpal or sexual contact. Have many interests/qualities to offer anyone. Straight, bi, married or novice types welcome. Send letters to HPS, P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(10/94) OHIO VERY SENIOR CITIZEN would like some friends who like to talk back and forth via the mail. I am 81 but very active. I like any race and any age correspondents and am partial to moustaches. Write: **FLIP**

PENNSYLVANIA

(4/94) PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE: Asian, 62, 5'-4", 170#, stocky, husky, masculine, clean-shaven, nonsmoker, non-drinker, no drugs, HIV negative, French A/P. My interests: avid golfer, fishing, computer, fitness, plus other interests. Seeking: strong, stocky, rugged, thick-chested, masculine, 50+ with similar interests. Photo exchanged. Write: **GOLFER**

TEXAS

(4/94) AMARILLO: Me: 6'-5", 270, 31 y/o, bearded, brown hair, hazel eyes. Don't smoke or do drugs. Interests: reading, Trek, dogs, music, Bears and mansex. I'm open-minded. Looking for friends and more. Benn, P.O. Box 50103, Amarillo, TX 79159, or call (806) 359-6842.

UTAH

(6/94) SEEKING CHUBBY SENIOR: I am a clean-cut, very handsome, 40 y/o, 6 ft., 215# Salt Laker. I am just out, recently divorced, financially stable and lonely. I am seeking a chubby (but not obese) man in his 60s. I enjoy kissing, cuddling and most types of sexual activity. Prefer nonsmoker. Your photo (clothes on) and phone get mine. Will answer all. Write to: Alan Dean, 131 West 500 South #302, Bountiful, UT 84010.

VERMONT

(6/94) VERMONT: BiWM, 60, 5'-6", 175#, shy, lonesome, introverted, nonsmoker and social drinker seeks caring master, black a plus, to teach me B/D, S/M, shock oral servitide. Mold me to your desire. Write: **JOCKO**

VIRGINIA

(6/94) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7", endowed, HIV negative, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 70-75 plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

WASHINGTON

(4/94) PACIFIC NORTHWEST BEAR SEEKS PARTNER who is masculine, honest, caring, self-sufficient, and younger but mature. I'm 57, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, affectionate, like to travel, hike, ski, sail, work out. I enjoy friends and home, have diverse interests, and would like to share yours. You be willing to follow at times but be able to lead at others. Must want to work to establish a long-term relationship. Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

(6/94) SPOKANE: GWM, retired, 60, 5'-11", 180#, balding, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, hairy, quiet, cigar and pipesmoker, sexually versatile. Live in rural area and like hunting, fishing, sports, etc. Would like to meet same, 30 to 70, masculine, employed/retired, local and western states. Leon (509) 937-2522.

WISCONSIN

(4/94) NEW FRIENDS--POSSIBLE RELATIONSHIPS: GWM couple, 24 and 71, not into the bar scene, drink/drug free,

nonsmokers, fit, seeking new friends, 35+ with the possibility of a 3-way relationship. Let's meet. Answer all, but photos get first response. Write: M.W. and Tony Andresen, 1719 LaFond Avenue, La Crosse, WI 54603.

(4/94) SEE NORTH DAKOTA

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95. Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/94) SWITZERLAND: GWM, attractive 39-year-old top and chaser. Six feet, 182#, 7-1/2", Greek active and French passive, looking for Big Bottom Bears, any age, size, race. No S & M. Exchange correspondence and possible visits. Interests: sex, videos, opera, music, theater and movies. Write to: Pierre Gagneux, P.O. Box 28, 1822 Chernex/Montreux, SWITZERLAND.

(4/94) HOLLAND: GWM, 63, 6'-1", 170#, nonsmoker/non-drinker, fit, plans visit to Holland spring of 94 or 95. Enjoy quiet life, touring, dining, playing. Seek friends, 35-65, suggestions, connections on places to be/stay (not free-loading), exchange visits. Write: HNV, Box 40333, Santa Barbara, CA 93140.

(4/94) INTERCONTINENTAL: GWM, 6'-2", 225#, 52 y/o, HIV negative, financially independent, living in U.S.A. as well as Europe, smoker, social drinker, would like to meet RAM-type, 50+, husky, hairy, masculine, take-charge gentleman who has a good sense of humor and who is able to spend two months at a time in Europe. A tuxedo to you is the same as wearing blue jeans. You're experienced in the international straight-and-gay social life, and if you have a twinkle in your eye, that will make it perfect. Please, if possible, send picture (returned) and letter to: **OSPREY**

(8/94) ASIAN-EUROPEAN: 44, 6'-2", 160#, looking for older gays, 55+ for friendship and more for traveling to Indonesian any time. Photo appreciated. Write to Dave, Derkinderenstraat 49X, 1062-DA Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS.

(4/94) SPAIN: I'm a Spanish guy who will be visiting the U.S. in August. Would like to stay with a mature man who will teach me English in return for my helping with house work or other similar duties. Write: **PEDRO**

(6/94) BE OUR GUEST IN RIO: Free of high hotel bills. Expenses limited to sharing food and transportation. Every conceivable amenity possible. We are 70 and 39. You, 50 or over. Can accommodate up to six persons. Require six week advance notice. Write: **SALTY DOG**

(6/94) MEXICO: 50 y/o man, sincere, honest, caring and affectionate, professional, almost retired, seeks big guys for correspondence, friendship and maybe more. Can travel. Write: **LATINO**

(6/94) FINLAND: Healthy, 33, 5'-7", 150#, nice and single blond, seeks large Daddy (over 200#), age 50-70. No beard or moustache. Write: **CAPRICORN 61**

*[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent **solicited** photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and show copy to us at bottom. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]*

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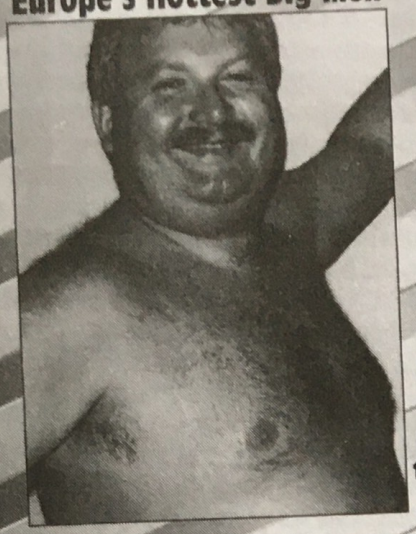

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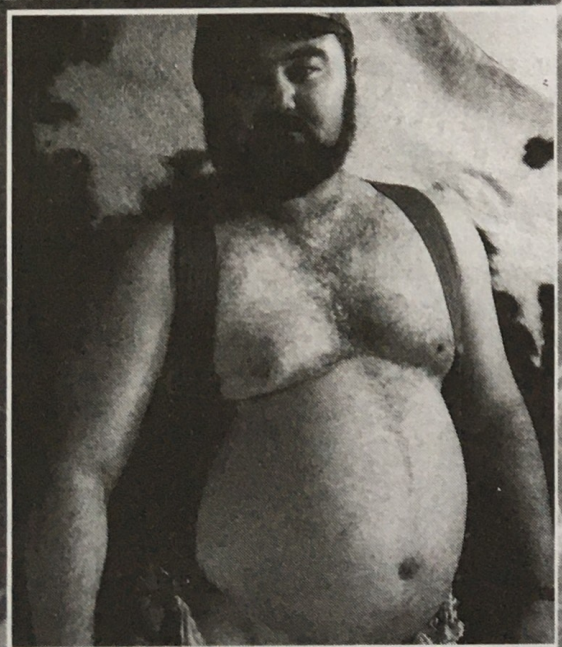

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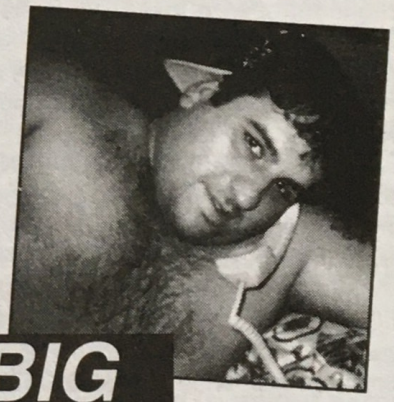

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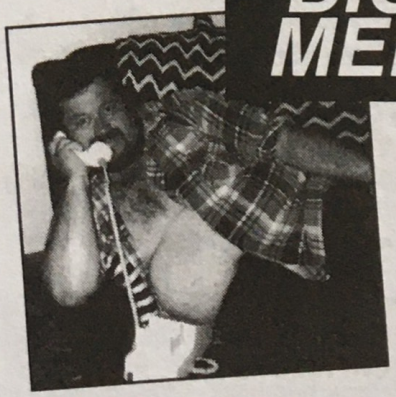

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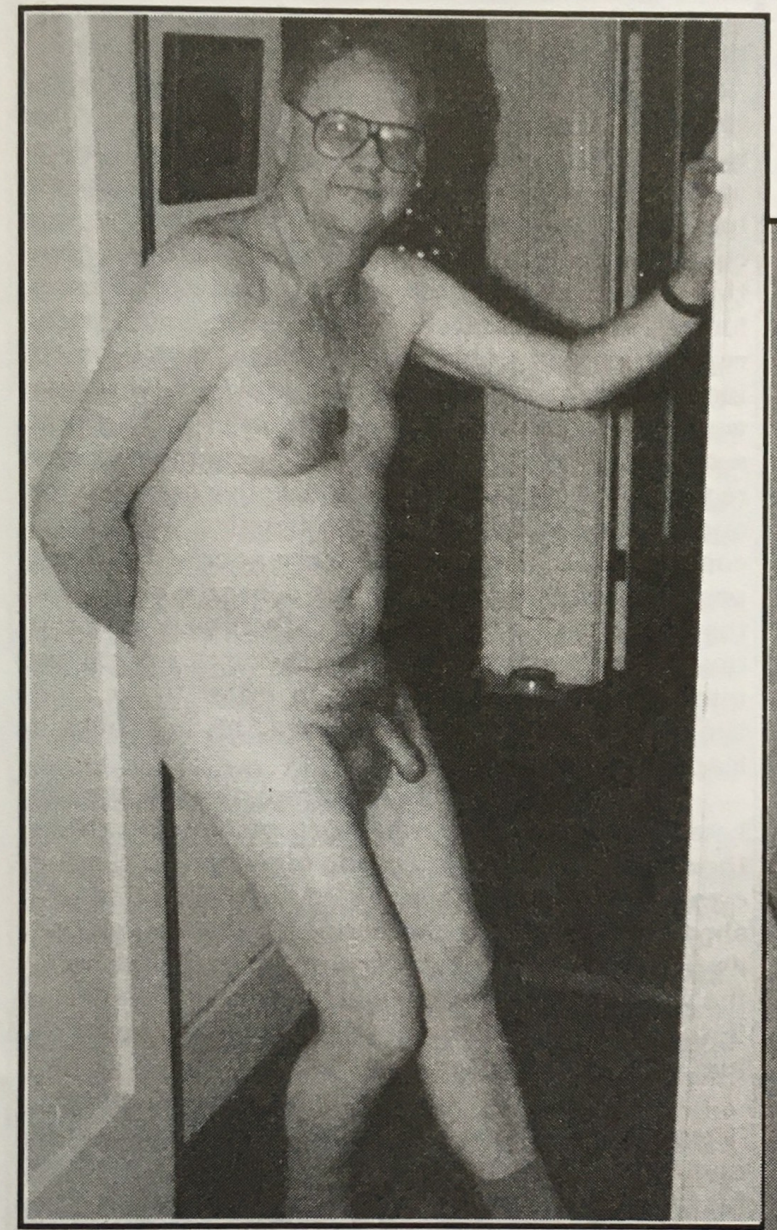

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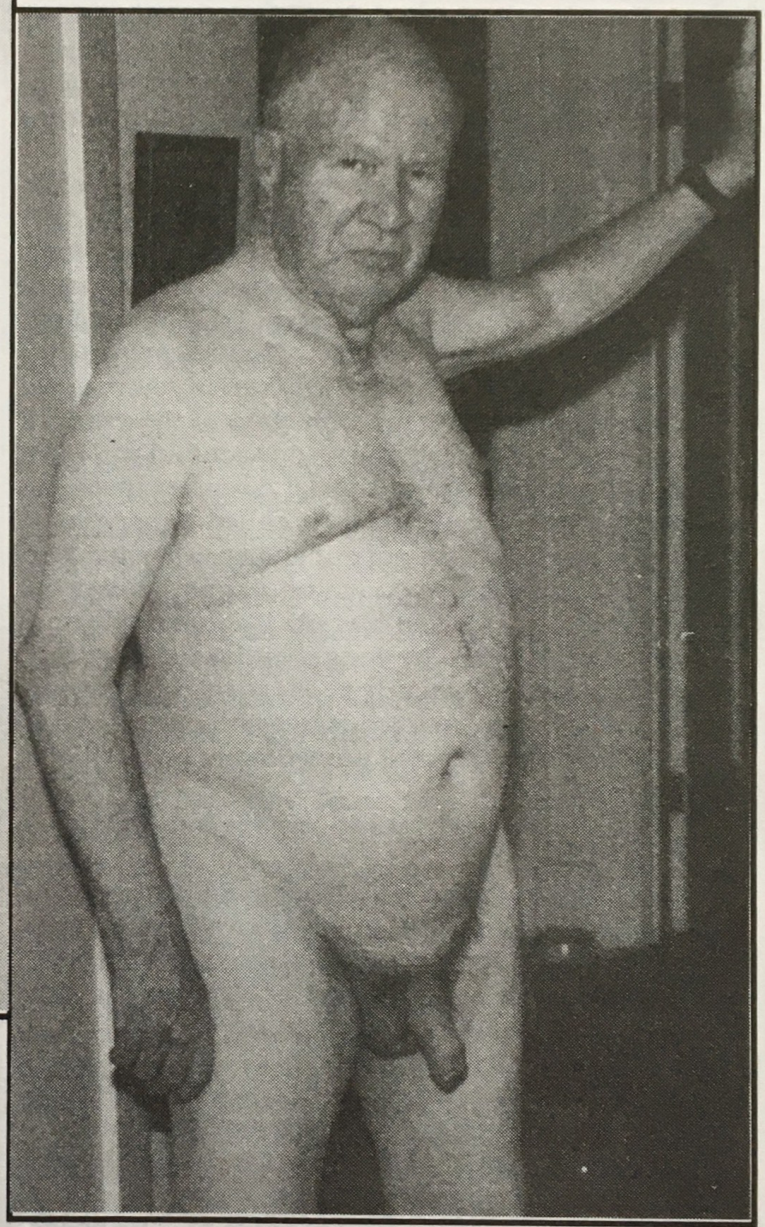

FICTION

THE AWAKENING

By D.W. Breckenridge

On June 5, 1946, the newly ordained Reverend Albert Frey stepped from the plush coach of the Northern Pacific Hiawatha Unlimited onto the dusty, windswept depot platform in New Berlin, North Dakota, and surveyed the small gathering of parishioners who nervously awaited his arrival. With sinking heart, he solemnly greeted the elderly, somber deacons, their pious wives, and the few gawky children who, with eager curiosity, came to view the luxuriously clad stranger from the Concordia Lutheran Seminary in St. Louis.

"A modest church supper has been prepared for you," Deacon Roeche informed Albert. "A few more members of your flock will be there to acquaint you with your congregation and the parsonage which we hope will meet with your approval. I must remind you, however," he said sternly, "that we are a poor congregation; you'll not find the luxuries you're used to—your father being an archbishop of the church and all. And I also feel compelled to remind you that we are fully aware of the special circumstances by which you were ordained, then called to serve our congregation. You were not our choice as pastor, nor were we your choice as your first parish, I suspect. The word of God is taken literally by our people and isn't to be interpreted by your peculiar understanding of it as you consistently chose to do during your seminary training. Any transgression on your part regarding this matter will immediately bring about your dismissal."

"I clearly understand my responsibilities," Albert said, humbly.

"Raymond," called Deacon Roeche loudly, waving his hand at the shabbily dressed, unshaven older man who stared intently at Albert from the edge of the group. Deacon Roeche pointed to Albert's leather suitcases, then the awaiting car.

"Shame on, shame on, deaf and dumb Raymond," chanted two giggling boys who were given threatening looks by their embarrassed parents.

"Raymond Wilke is our parish pauper, Reverend. We permit him to live in the basement of the parsonage. He will take care of some of your needs as well, I hope," explained Deacon Roeche as they walked to the car. "Came back shell-shocked from World War One and lived with his parents until they died. He's harmless and a hard worker, you'll find. We had a choice of putting him in the state insane asylum in Jamestown or letting him live in the parsonage. As Christians, we prefer to take care of our own, of course."

"Of course," repeated Albert as he gazed again at the man who carried his luggage to the car, then disappeared around the corner of the depot.

Albert had been clearly warned that his reputation as a new, liberal theologian would not be tolerated in New Berlin, and that the congregation was clearly aware that had it not been for his father's influence, he would not have been called by any congregation throughout the whole synod, not even this undesirable, remote parish, a veritable Siberia for banished preachers. Yet, once the small party reached the church and parsonage, which stood bleakly on the edge of the small town, Albert was warmly welcomed by all who had gathered there and soon found himself the center of some mild humor regarding his eligibility as a prospective husband for one of the numerous, single females within his congregation. The outward, stern sobriety of these people belied their warm, generous hearts; and when the final parishioner departed, Albert went into the tiny sanctuary and knelt before the altar, freeing his mind of conscious thoughts in order to let God Himself come into his being and read his heart which leapt in joy and comfort.

As Albert knelt in contemplative silence, he became aware of the presence of someone else within the church. Strangely, a vision of reddened, searing eyes, smoldering with tormented anguish and bloodshed, enveloped him, smothering the bliss which had dwelt within. Turning slowly around, he looked upon the wistful visage of Raymond, who stood hesitantly in the shadows of the rear of the church, staring at him with grief-stricken eyes.

Holding out his arm, Albert said quietly, "Come. Pray with me, Raymond." He watched as the man slowly walked toward him. Tentatively grasping his hand, then firmly clutching it as if it were a thin lifeline, he knelt beside Albert.

Bowing his head to pray again, an uneasy surge of emotions began flowing through Albert. Disjointed, fearful images and heart-stricken longings blotted out the peace and serenity he had known only moments before. Turning his head to look at the man whose mouth moved in silent prayer and from whose eyes, tears streamed, he tried to move away, only to have his hand locked more firmly in a vise-like grip which refused to yield until his lips ceased their movements. Riveted by the eyes which now looked deeply into his, Albert remained as if transfixed as Raymond slowly clasped Albert's hands and covered his ears with them, then leaned toward him and softly kissed Albert's smooth forehead and trembling, pliant lips.

Suddenly smitten by utter shame and horror, Albert rose and fled the sanctuary. Clearing his head in the warm night air, he walked gravely to the parsonage and unpacked his belongings, weighing in his mind the event which had so shaken him.

Though a virgin, Albert was no stranger to the seductiveness of the unholy yearnings of his own flesh. Through relentless diligence and nightly prayer, he valiantly conquered the dark temptations which flooded over him. And yet, kneeling next to Raymond, a sadly afflicted soul, Albert had, in a moment of weakness, unwittingly allowed his sinful longings to corrupt the most innocent member of his flock. He cried out in bleak despair.

Bright moonlight and a warm, scented breeze filtered through the white lace curtains of his bedroom window. Though exhausted from the long train ride and the anxiety of his successful initial meeting with his parishioners, Albert tossed fitfully in his bed, searching for a means to deal with the afflicted man who had been thrust into his life.

Raymond was but a child, clothed in a man's visage, yet with yearnings, desires, needs and passions he could only express as they flooded over him—openly, without subterfuge, totally trusting in those around him not to abuse him. And with a shudder of horror, Albert clearly understood that he, the shepherd of the flock, was totally responsible for what had occurred that evening: in his weakness, he had sinned deeply. Praying mightily, Albert fell asleep, knowing he was forgiven and that God would show him His way.

At dawn the next morning, Albert was awakened by a loud knocking on his door. "Come in, come in," he said sleepily, then bolted upright as Raymond entered with a large tray laden with hot coffee, toast, ham, eggs, and a pot of jam. In the place of the forlorn, unkempt Raymond of last night now stood a clean-shaven, freshly bathed Raymond clad in a white shirt, tie, and sharply pressed trousers—a man who looked upon the tousled Reverend Frey with a bright, beaming smile and twinkling eyes.

"Raymond! I don't understand." Albert said, still startled by his appearance. "Did you hear me say `come in'? I thought you were deaf!"

Still beaming, Raymond put the tray on Albert's lap, then boldly leaned over and kissed his forehead and lips. Pointing to his ears, he made wild fluttering gestures with his hands and smiled broadly again. Again Raymond leaned toward Albert as if to kiss him, but Albert shielded his face and said, "No, Raymond. You must not do that again. It is a sin, and I cannot allow you to do that!"

Looking hurt and bewildered, Raymond turned away. Wanting to share in his joy and lessen the sting of his reprimand, Albert said, "Raymond, when did you regain your hearing?"

Raymond beamed again and pointed to the church.

"It's a miracle, Raymond. God's miracle! We must tell the deacons! They'll..."

With great agitation, Raymond shook his head.

"But why, Raymond? They'd be overjoyed!"

With clenched fists and mouth twisting in anguish, he again shook his head. Kneeling by the side of his bed, Raymond clasped Albert's hands and covered them with ardent kisses.

Stroking his head, Albert said, "I won't tell them, Raymond. I promise. Now leave me so I can eat your delicious breakfast and dress."

As Raymond was leaving, Albert said, "Raymond, it was God's miracle."

Raymond turned. Shaking his head sadly, he put his hand to his heart, then reached out to Albert. With grave uncertainty, Albert knelt in prayer, begging God for a sign and the wisdom to follow wherever He would lead him.

For the next three months, Raymond drove Albert twice each week throughout the vast, empty countryside visiting each of his parishioners. Warmly greeted at each humble farmstead, Albert listened to their heartaches and prayed fervently with them to strengthen their faith and certainty that theirs was a God of Love, a blessed deity who cared for them. Used to hearing primarily of a God of Wrath, one who was eternally angered by their sins, the Reverend Albert Frey soon won their hearts and soothed their weary souls.

On only one issue would Albert's clerical wrath become unforgiving: the childish rhymes and taunts which inevitably greeted Raymond as they entered each farmyard or household. Unmoved by pity toward any youngster who greeted their arrival with the sickening chant, "Shame on, shame on, deaf and dumb Raymond," he nodded in stern approval as the offending children were horsewhipped by their parents and threatened with eternal hell-fire and damnation should they ever utter the chant again.

At noontime on each of these idyllic summer outings, Raymond would find an abandoned shelter belt or a dense grove of trees by a tiny creek, then unpack the lavish lunch he had prepared earlier that morning. In silence they would eat on the blanket spread on the ground, after which Albert would rest his head in Raymond's lap and close his eyes.

As Raymond stroked Albert's face and threaded his fingers through the thick hair, Albert would tell of his lonely childhood in the gloomy archbishop's manse, the dreary, suffocating years of turmoil and conflict at the seminary, and of the God of wrath who was embraced there, withering the joy

and love from his soul. He told of his chaste love for the man in whose lap he lay, and of the loving Creator who understood his love for him. When he finished, he would open his eyes and look deeply into the gentle face—the soft grey eyes void of guilt or the remembrance of past sins, the softly creased expression free of anxiety or the worries of tomorrow—and wonder if the childlike adoration and innocence could comprehend his innocent love. And as he felt the manly stirring of Raymond's inevitable arousal against the nape of his neck, stronger and more insistent with each passing week, an overwhelming sadness would engulf Albert with the certainty that their Eden-like interlude would soon end.

Toward the end of August, Albert and Raymond stopped at Henry Mueller's farm. A surly, ill-tempered brute of a man who lived alone in a squalid farmhouse, Henry grudgingly welcomed his uninvited visitor.

After the usual attempts to gain the man's friendship had been openly rebuffed, Albert asked Henry to join him in prayer before he departed.

"I'll have none of your sweet-talking ungodliness in my house. You may have fooled all the rest of the congregation with your slippery tongue and sermons about your God of love and forgiveness, but you can't fool me! I know what you're about! You let that bastard Raymond follow you around like a ram in heat, sniffing the ass of a love-sick ewe. I bet you even let him mount you, don't you, you son of Satan!"

Stung to the quick, Albert lashed out with a tightly clenched fist, knocking the stunned farmer to the floor. "God forgive you," he said fiercely, then left.

Studying the somewhat puzzled look on Raymond's face as he gruffly requested him to return to the parsonage immediately, forgoing their usual lunchtime reverie, Albert pondered the biting words of the vile-tempered farmer. Had he unwittingly fostered Raymond's increasingly sexual advances toward himself under the guise of fondness and kindness? And if so, must he now coldly distance himself from the afflicted soul, abandoning him after he had nurtured him thus far?

Under his tender care Raymond had grown daily, had become aware of the world around him, and on occasions had seemed to penetrate the self-imposed boundaries of his world and reached out to Albert before retreating again. Dare he now forsake him? Dare he awaken further the sexual attraction which Albert had permitted to grow and which within himself struggled mightily? At night, alone in his bed, he longed to hold Raymond, to touch his muscular, hirsute body, to behold his fully erect manhood, to press his lips to his breasts, his thighs, his firm buttocks, to trace lightly the sensuous skin between his thighs.

Seeking guidance and wisdom far greater than his, he visited Deacon Roeche and revealed the accusations of Henry Mueller and the restoration of Raymond's hearing. Though tempted to reveal his own desperate longings, he knew sadly that not in his lifetime would that confession be granted him or others like himself in the lonely corners of the world without utter condemnation.

Expecting the worst, Albert was instead comforted by the deacon's careful words. "You have brought a new light to us. God works in different ways in each of us. Who am I to judge those ways? If Raymond regained his hearing through your chaste love, then that is God's way."

Despite Deacon Roeche's assurances, Albert didn't permit Raymond to accompany him on his remaining visitations throughout August, and avoided prolonged contact with him in the parsonage. With sadness, Albert watched Raymond's initial bewilderment turn to obvious feelings of anger and betrayal. Retreating to his inner world again, he sometimes refused to acknowledge Albert's presence and began spending more of his time in his former haunt, the pool hall, where he had once been the butt of practical jokes, the errand boy, the one whom the young loafers around town could tease and make a fool of when they were bored with their own lives.

One afternoon early in September, the Reverend Frey noticed that Raymond had not returned to the parsonage from his usual haunt at the accustomed time. As three o'clock neared, his growing sense of concern prodded him to walk to the pool hall, a place he had never entered as it was socially out-of-bounds for any member of the clergy, a veritable den of iniquity, according to Deacon Roeche.

He entered the dimly lit, smoke-filled room and noticed a cluster of men in the very back, hooting with laughter and poking their cue sticks at some object concealed from his sight. Fearing the worst, he strode quickly toward the group. One of the men spotted him and with a look of horror scooted out the back door as others now turned his way. Their faces became ashen as they parted their circle, then with a great discomfort looked back upon Raymond, whose head was pressed to the open fly of Henry Mueller's pants, his mouth greedily sucking Henry's erection. Looking defiantly at Albert, Henry grabbed Raymond's ears and pressed his face closer to his crotch. "Suck it, idiot boy!"

"Raymond!" Albert shouted.

Twisting from Henry's grasp, Raymond spun around and cowered in shame on the floor. He covered his face, then whimpering softly, curled into a tight ball.

"Get out!" Albert said to the remaining men, his face contorted in anger. Ignoring the gloating Henry, who slowly buttoned his fly, Albert knelt

beside Raymond, stroking his head until the sobbing subsided. Putting his arm around the trembling man, he led him out of the silent pool hall and took him home.

The long winter began abruptly in early October, and although Albert was able to fill his mornings with work, his afternoons and evenings were monotonously empty. As he sat idly in his study one dreary, cold afternoon, Raymond built a roaring fire, spread a blanket before the hearth, then brought in a picnic basket filled with their lunch. After hugging and praising the beaming Raymond, they ate in silence. Revelling in their bygone pleasure, Albert nestled his head in Raymond's lap.

Lulled nearly to sleep by the warmth of the fire, and luxuriating in Raymond's sensual caresses, he became aroused. As if in slow motion, he watched Raymond's hand lovingly cover his erection, carefully outlining the thick shaft against his trousers with his delicate fingertips, stroking it lightly until a small wet stain appeared where its throbbing end thrust against the fabric. Becoming conscious of Raymond's thick erection well up and press against the nape of his neck, he no longer had the will to resist the emotions which so completely engulfed him. He pulled Raymond's face to his and kissed him passionately, drinking in the sweet breath poured over him as Raymond responded in kind.

"God forgive me, Raymond. I love you wholly and helplessly. Kiss me. Breathe your sweet breath on me."

Clasping Albert within his strong embrace, Raymond kissed his lips, and with one hand rent Albert's clothing as if it were thin gauze. Devouring Albert's nude body with his lips, he greedily sucked his breasts and laved his belly and thighs with his moist tongue. Kneading Albert's soft, lush buttocks with his fingers, he licked Albert's balls and sucked away the sweet sap flowing from his virginal penis, its blood-engorged head pushing tightly against the unyielding foreskin. Guttural, whimpering sounds came from deep within Raymond's throat as it claimed the throbbing prize.

Mumbling incoherent words of adoration and love, Albert clung to Raymond as indescribable pleasure flowed throughout his body.

Bathed in sweat and still united as one, Albert gazed at Raymond. Distorted and twisted as if in pain, Raymond's lips slowly formed the words, "I love you," again and again. Inarticulate groans and screeches issued from his taut throat until with a piercing scream, he shouted, "I love you, Albert! I love you, Albert!" and then collapsed into the outspread arms of the man who had freed him from the horror of his past.

Lying in Albert's arms, basking in the caresses and kisses showered upon him, he whispered, "I love you, Albert. I'm free now . . . I'm free. And I love you forevermore."

They lay together as the fire flickered away, afraid to move, afraid that the re-awakening would disappear, afraid that the gift would vanish. Chilled, weary and stiff, they roused themselves and walked hand-in-hand to the bathroom.

Filling the huge bathtub with steaming hot water, Albert watched as Raymond stood before the foggy mirror, touching his mouth and throat as he said words, phrases, sentences, jumbled and confused at first, mere strings of thoughts and images which came tumbling from his mind.

As Raymond reclined against him in the bath, Albert threaded his soapy hands and silken fingers through the dense mat of pubic hair. He felt Raymond's body quake and heard him cry out. Seeing the sinuous strands of semen floating to the top of the water, he enveloped Raymond with his arms and kissed the back of his neck.

That night, embraced in each other's arms before the dancing flames of the fireplace, Raymond recounted the mind wrenching death of his lover, John, so many years ago.

Garrisoned one evening in a two-man foxhole as sentries for the front line infantry, they huddled together in the rare silence, gazing at the bright stars above them, and spoke of their love and plans to build a life together after the war. Impassioned by John's vows of youthful love, he lay beneath his lover, offering a respite from the destruction around them. Thus while Raymond lay protected by his loved one, a bomb exploded overhead. Where a warm, loving body had lain in his arms, only shreds of bone, blackened skin, and dismembered body parts remained. And a mind, numbed with horror and laden with guilt, looked out upon the world not of his own making and shut its door, sealing out the pain it could not endure.

"My life is now yours, you see," Raymond whispered. "To take or leave. It's yours alone."

"Not mine alone," whispered Albert. "God brought me to you. For that was His way, that was His will. My faith in Him and love for you will remain until He takes you from me. Sleep now. Tomorrow begins a new day for us, the first of many days."

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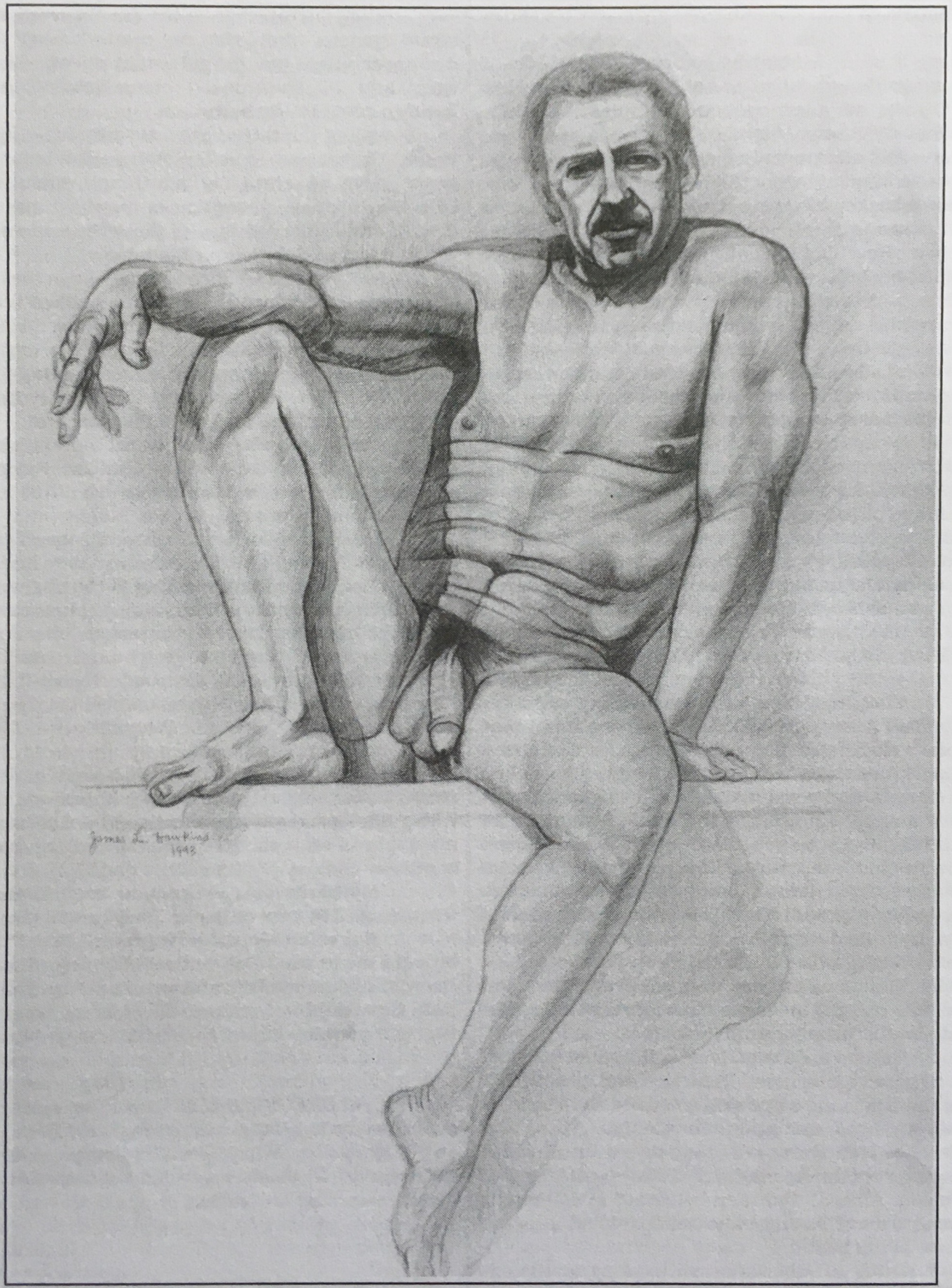
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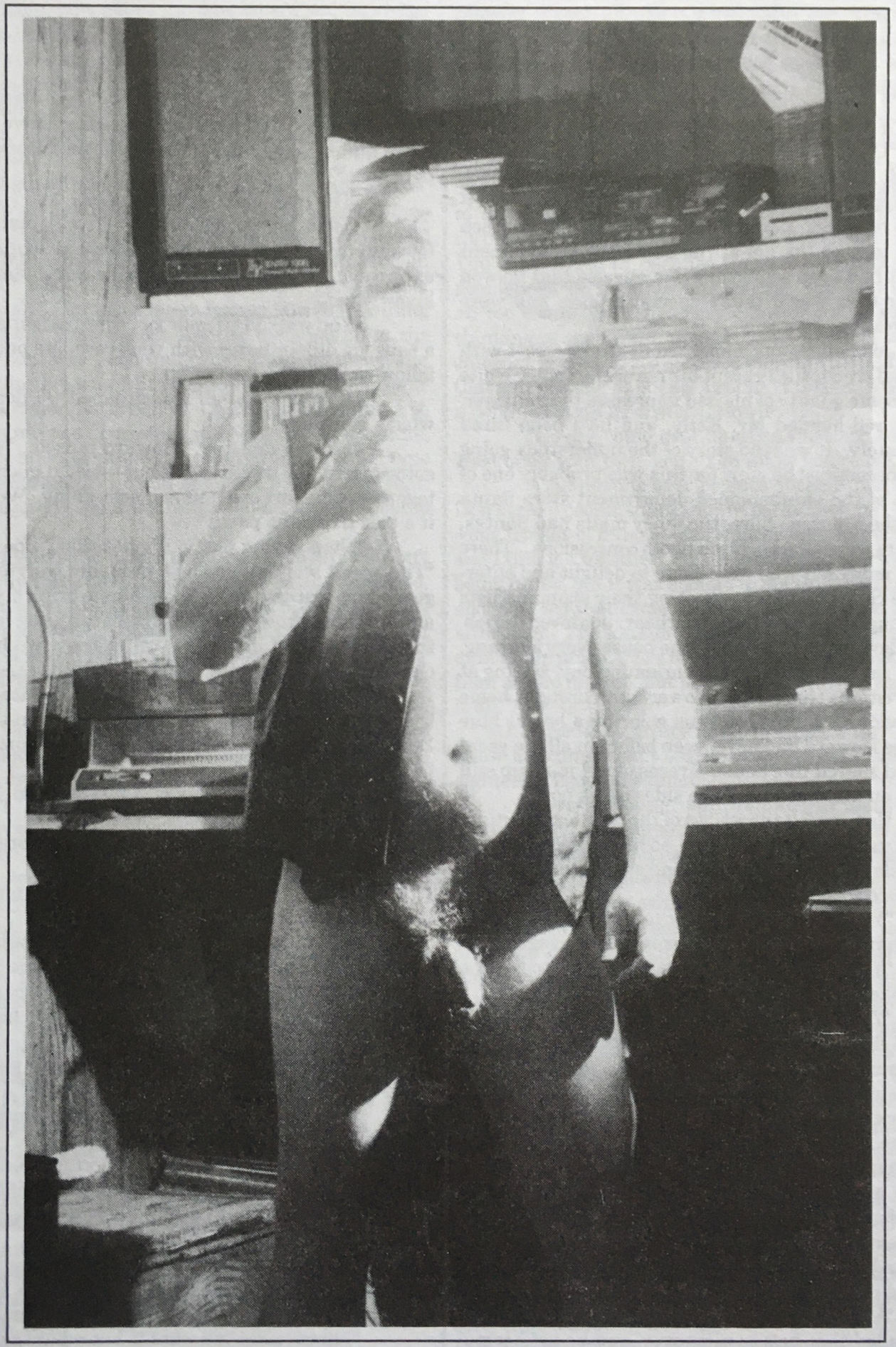

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FICTION

DID YOU "HO HO"?
by Kenn Richie

"I mean, what are you doing home so early?"

"I guess I quit. I walked out."

"Oh," Howard replied, as simply and casually as he could. He needed a moment to get over the shock before approaching the discussion that would so obviously be required. Howard knew only that Joe had been thrilled to land the job at the downtown department store. It had been something of a miracle that he won out over men who'd taken special classes and were experienced.

Joe had simply wandered in off the street with no special credentials except his naturally snowy white beard. Some quality of his had impressed the manager, a lanky red-headed Mr. Kelly, and he'd been hired immediately. It was the story of the understudy going on and becoming the star, for this was probably one of the last of the old-fashioned department store Santa jobs in the country. Sure, the fancy malls had Santas, but theirs were all franchised photo concessions. There weren't many left who were there to delight and entertain the children, while repeating their shopping lists loud enough for Mommies to overhear. Joe loved the job. He had bounded up and out of the house every morning. Now he sat motionless in the darkening day, staring at the Christmas tree he and Howard had brought home the previous evening. He was wearing a bright blue bathrobe Howard had never seen before in all the years they had shared this home. Traces of red makeup still showed on his cheeks and the sides of his nose.

Howard felt the weight of the plastic bag cutting into the underside of his fingers, so he proceeded around the divider to the dining table and swung the bag up to land there with a thump.

"You know you're going to have to tell me exactly what happened before I cook your sausages."

"You went all the way to that store to get the kind I like?"

"Yeah, well, I had the car," Howard grinned, but stopped short of laughing. He knew Joe far too well not to recognize an attempt to change the subject. He took only the moment required to remove the suit coat of his own work clothes. Loosening his tie, he pulled it from his collar. He edged cautiously behind Joe, and as was his custom, he leaned over the back of the chair, Joe's favorite, and planted a smacking baby kiss on Joe's bald head before curling around to half-sit on the chair's arm to invite a kiss of more intimacy. Joe relaxed and felt comforted by the ritual but then gestured for a pause from the usual embrace.

"I hope you bought plenty," Joe moaned. "Mr. Kelly called that he's coming over, and he said something about that college kid I share the dressing room with coming too. You know, the one they have wearing those dumb Betty Boop pajamas in the sleepwear department?"

"The sexy-looking young one?"

"Yeah, right," Joe nodded. "Kelly just called a few minutes ago and said he'd be here as soon after six as he could, and that Jimmy would be along later. I don't know why."

"You walked off your job, so we're going to have a sausage dinner party with your boss and one of your fellow workers?"

"It's complicated," Joe groaned. "I don't know what's going on."

"I love a mystery," Howard mused. "We were going to trim the tree tonight, but—well, I guess I'll put together some sort of a buffet or something. We'll make it a tree trimming party."

"Stop saying party; it's not that," Joe choked. "The way I walked out, he's probably worried about getting his costume back. I told him to bring my clothes and my things from the locker. But I can't just hand him the costume, so I dropped it off at that two hour dry cleaners at the shopping center where the bus stops."

"Wait up, darling. You said complicated, but this is too much. You walked off the job in the suit? Downtown? Dressed as Santa? You came home on the bus that way?"

"As far as the cleaners. I just told you, I left the Santa costume there."

"Most of it," Howard smiled. "You've still got red all over the sides of your nose."

"I'm gonna get in the tub," Joe announced, struggling to rise.

"OK, all clear," Howard agreed. "I'll put the food away and set up." He felt he should allow Joe a chance to calm himself with a good soak in the tub before he'd press him further about the rest of what had happened.

"You're going to smell like a flower garden for hours if you soak in that stuff much longer."

"No I won't. I got a new kind called Piney Woods. I'll smell like camping out in the mountains."

"It's almost six, so if you expect Mr. Kelly, you'd better get out of there. What would he say if he saw a grown man in a bubble bath?"

"Kiss my butt, Howie."

"Hah! that's usually what you have in mind when you soak so long. If you want me to kiss your anything, you have to answer a question first."

"I know what you want to know but I can't think

of how to try to explain it, least of all to you. I really made an ass of myself, so please don't push me."

"Then, how about the part where you leave the suit at the cleaners? You wore it home on the bus. The two blocks from the cleaners to here? How did you cover that—bare-ass naked?"

"But, of course," Joe teased, trying to stir up long gone foam. "I had to give the neighbors a little thrill."

"Joe?"

"I got off the bus at the shopping center and—"

"Wait a minute! If your own clothes and things were in a locker at the store, what about your bus pass?"

"What driver is going to throw Santa Claus off the bus for want of proper fare when he's got a mob of school kids?" Howard's laugh helped him to be willing to continue. "That was it. A lot of them got off at the shopping center too, and that called attention to me, and the parking lot was full of smaller kids and—I was causing a major disturbance! I had to do something, so I ducked into the drug store where we go all the time, where the manager knows us. I was wearing street type shorts underneath; I could have come home like that, but he insisted I charge a bathrobe so I wouldn't catch cold."

"I wondered where that came from. Now I won't have to buy you a new one for Christmas like I planned, I just get to go to the drug store and pay for it. Hey, c'mon, it's after six!" Howard grabbed a towel to hold at ready, and sat on the closed toilet seat. "C'mere, close, so I can dry the good part first, maybe lick a little of the soap off it."

"No. C'mon, Howie, not now. That's the last thing I need." He stood dutifully to allow his young friend to dry him, and realized that the rejection might have hurt. He continued softly, "That's what happened at the store, Howie...I started to get a hard on. Oh, not a full scale, ready-for-action kind. And I do wear those walking shorts under the costume, so it wasn't a problem of anyone seeing it, but *I* felt it. I knew it was happening."

"What's so strange about that? That's what those lovely things do now and then. I'm getting quite a little boner myself going over your piney woodsy smelling bod."

"That's because you're only half my age, you haven't learned how to control yourself."

"Don't start that shit," Howard warned teasingly. "Besides, I'm not half any more. You're not twice. We've been together long enough that the numbers are different. "

"Howie, I had a little kid sitting on my knee, and all of a sudden, I realized I was getting a hard on!"

Howard felt his heart thump. A chill came over him for a brief moment until his trust and faith dismissed the possibility as absurd. It was a pause however, that allowed Joe to believe his fears would be understood.

"I'd throw myself off a tall building before I'd harm a child, you know that," he began. "But, just the thought of such a thing is what got to me. You thought about it too, just now, I know you did. I saw and felt you tense up for just that little half a second. It was just having that thought that happened to me—it scared the wits out of me!"

"It's downright absurd to imagine that you could..."

"I know, but it was the first thought that came to my mind. It was the first thought that flashed through your mind just now when I told you about it. You can't avoid it, because there are disturbed, sick people who do such horrible things. You hear about it all too often. But the crazy coincidence of suddenly thinking of such a thing while I was working with the children, and could see all those innocent faces, knowing that sort of thing happens! I couldn't take it. It was like a bomb went off in my face, Howie."

"No one could ever imagine you to be like that, least of all your own self. You know you're not."

"Can anyone ever be sure of their own sanity? Don't crazy people think they're perfectly sane? Howie, some friends of mine made remarks like that when you and I first got together. Oh, they thought they were just being funny, but it was enough to make me really worry about it. All that came crashing back down on me this afternoon. The loud-mouthed kid in the Betty Boops didn't help much. He's barely eighteen, not much more than a child himself, but he talks and acts like he knows it all."

"The law's pretty naive to think a guy doesn't know anything about sex until he reaches the age of eighteen," Howard smiled.

"He's so young, and he likes to tease me by talking about his oversexed activity. He makes me feel so old. I don't know, it just all hit me at once. Hey, don't get me wrong; in spite of all his talk, I really like the kid. And, yeah, I agree with you, he is rather sexy. God knows, I fell for you like a ton of bricks when you were only half my age. What if there is some sort of evil insanity lurking inside me that's liable to suddenly come out? If there's even a one in a million chance of that, how can I be a Santa around children? That's what hit me all of a sudden, that's why I had to get away."

"I understand," Howard assured him. An embrace to comfort and reassure him was permissible even if it interrupted the man's progress in getting dressed. "What you're saying reminds me of one time I was driving home, dead tired, late at night. The on-coming headlights were glaring, and the sounds of the car got downright hypnotic. I started falling asleep at the wheel. I don't know what it was—I hit a bump or somebody honked or something—but suddenly, every nightmare I'd ever had, every horrible accident I'd ever seen or heard about, was right there in front of me. You saw the faces of the kids? I saw every other car on the

road and realized I could have killed any one of them. I had to pull over to the side of the road, not for being sleepy; I was anything but that by then. I had to pull over so I could stop shaking. I was so scared, and it was a sort of a shock thing too. I even wet my pants."

"You *do* understand," Joe sighed, badly needing a bit more of that tight embrace, but knowing he had to pull away to get dressed. "Only, I didn't wet my pants," he struggled to laugh. "God! Imagine a Santa pervert if he was into golden showers!"

"What?!"

"Why do you think the costume comes with extra pants? Hey, some of the kids get pretty excited, and I guess old Santa is a little scary to some of the little ones."

"Oh," Howard blushed. "But I'm glad you can laugh about it now. I can understand. I mean, I know what a shock that must have been for a guy who thinks as highly about kids as you do, but you probably only needed to take a little break to get hold of yourself—you didn't have to come all the way home."

"By the time I might have been able to go back, I couldn't think of how I was going to explain it to Mr. Kelly, so—."

The doorbell interrupted.

"I still don't know what I can say to him," Joe murmured.

"Your balls are fuzzy."

"I beg your pardon?"

"These plastic balls are packed in cotton," Kelly observed. "You must have stored them somewhere warm; the cotton's stuck to them."

"Aw, it's OK. It'll look like snow."

"I really feel guilty about what happened, Joe," the tall redhead sighed as he picked off the worst of the lint from an ornament. "I knew you weren't experienced, and that you hadn't gone to one of those Santa schools. It's one of the things they talk about there."

"What? Child abuse?!"

"Yeah, the way the kids can abuse a Santa! Yanking the beard, kicking, and sometimes the parents put them up to saying something meant to shock your socks off because they hope they can get a crazy snapshot. I should have warned you about things like what happened to you today. It's plain old job stress, that's all. Let's face it, hour after hour of `ho ho ho' on an assembly line?"

The doorbell rang again, providing an interruption that allowed Joe to silently affix ornaments to the tree and to consider his own thoughts. He appreciated all the assurances that he had gotten upset over nothing, and he was happy to know he still had his job, but the thousand questions about generations, about the ages of mankind that had been unleashed still troubled him.

Jimmy arrived with the costume he'd picked up at the cleaners. A few phone calls had directed him to do that on his way over, but he was apparently upset about why his employer was so anxious that he be a part of urging Joe to come back to work. He tackled the question the minute he stepped into the room.

"Hey, Joe! Did you walk out today because of something I said? Man, you know I don't mean what I say when I'm clowning around like that."

"No, no, no," he was assured, but by Mr. Kelly, not Joe.

"You're a fresh-faced, loud-mouthed punk, Jimmy, pajamas and all, but don't flatter yourself that any of your smart ass cracks could curl my whiskers," said Joe.

"I love it when you verbally abuse me, Gramps."

Joe couldn't think of a retort fast enough, so he settled for a burst of laughter, a handshake and a hearty welcome. "Here, plenty of food, so dig in. Stuff your face instead of flapping it, OK? Try the sausages. There's only one store in town that carries them, they're special."

"I guess you know a lot about hot meat stuffed in skin, old timer. I bet you've got quite a sausage on you, or you used to have!" A playful attempt to grope Joe almost knocked the tree over.

Howard and Mr. Kelly had started to exchange a glance and a shrug of bewilderment only to realize that the two were being playful, not into the sort of argument they'd been led to expect. But the youngster's crude sexual references caused them to stop short with embarrassment.

"Hey? Is something supposed to be a big secret around here?" the young man asked rather challengingly when he saw the reaction. "What are we, four generations? Joe? Well, you're ancient. Mr. Kelly here is forty, or so he says."

"I just turned thirty," Howard volunteered, curious as to what point the young man was making.

"And I just turned eighteen," he grinned.

"Well, goodie gumdrops, now you can vote, or go see an X-rated movie," Joe tormented as he gathered an armful of the cotton-linted ornaments.

"Is anybody here trying to be in a closet about the fact that we're all queers? Ooops! I mean gays, fags, pansies. Each guy pick a word for his own age group."

The silence of surprise was broken only when Jimmy dropped to his knees, laughing. "That would have been one hell of a dramatic gesture, Joe, dropping a whole armful of balls, if they were the breakable kind."

The store manager cleared his throat nervously, then bravely became the first to speak. "Jimmy, I thought I explained to you, and you understood, that my being manager while you're only a temporary for the seasonal rush—"

"You don't think we can talk about it with these dudes? This is like a family, man. Hey Joe, you're right, these sausages are great!"

"Yeah. Howie, my life companion, closest friend, lover or...well, you pick a word suitable to your age group...goes out of his way to get them for me," Joe volunteered, letting the youth off the embarrassment hook. He wanted to sink into his favorite chair, but Mr. Kelly had already done so.

"Hell, we clown around about it at the store all the time. I love to tease Joe."

"You really are a smart-mouthed punk," the redhead grumbled. "Well, as long as the cat's out, how long have you two been together?"

"It'll be seven years on New Year's Eve," Howard grinned, proudly.

"There, you see, boss?" Jimmy began, curling onto the arm of the chair in much the same way Howard always did with Joe. "Here's two guys with age differences about like ours, and they don't seem to have any big problem with it."

"Cut it out, Jimmy. You're embarrassing everybody. I've told you, it's not realistic. You're only eighteen, you don't know anything about being settled down. How could you? I'm more than twice your age."

"You won't always be," Joe suggested, glancing quickly at Howard, his eyes twinkling. "The numbers change every year."

"We'll talk about it later," the man grumbled, trying to push the boy away. "I'm sorry, guys."

"No, it's all right," Howard began. "I don't know what sort of thing you two have going, but I can see where Jimmy's coming from. I went though the same thing trying to convince this guy that the age difference was something we could handle. We've had a few problems along the way, sure, but we've handled it pretty well for seven years. If you guys want to talk about it, then let's talk."

By the time the tree was decorated, the buffet cleared and their two guests sent home arm in arm, Howard and Joe felt strangely closer to one another than ever as they curled into bed.

"Jimmy is a loud mouth," Joe stated, "and I hate the way he uses that word, queer. But underneath, I think he's a pretty sensible kid. They might get along pretty well."

"You always want a happy ending," Howard teased. "So, how about your adventure story of the day? Are you satisfied now that there was nothing to be upset about? You've got the job back, everything's OK?"

"Jimmy had told me how he felt toward Mr. Kelly in the dressing room. That's what had me thinking about us when I went back on the floor. I was thinking about you, and what to get you for Christmas, and my mind just wandered away from what I was doing. Some little kid would sit on my knee and tell me what he wanted, and all I could think of was that it was you. That's what started it...I was daydreaming."

"Kelly told you, if you'd gone to a Santa school, they'd have told you about how your mind can wander after so many hours of the same thing over and over."

"But, when I suddenly woke up, it was exactly the way you described going to sleep at the wheel. I only meant to take a moment or two, but some of the parents who'd been waiting got sore and started yelling at me, calling me names. All I could think of was that I couldn't let the children hear their own parents calling Santa a worthless old bum, and suddenly it was like they were accusing me of hurting their kids! I had to get away fast, so the children didn't have to hear that sort of thing, and the only door in sight was the one that led outside."

"No wonder," Howard soothed.

"Howie? Let's face it, I was rattled and confused, and I ran around the streets in a costume, then the last two blocks home in a bathrobe. Never mind all the circumstances. What if I did something like that without knowing? I am getting old, and old people—."

"Hey! You have a home and you have me. Not only that, you have your health, you have a doctor you trust, and just about everything anybody could need. God forbid, but if something like that, or any other sort of illness happened to either one of us, we'd deal with it the same way any other family deals with it. Believe me, I was proud of the way you talked to those two tonight, the stories about us you told, and the way you came up with the quick retorts to a teenager with a crude sense of humor, there is NOTHING wrong with your mind!"

"You sure?"

"Oh, very sure. If your mind starts to wander while you work, and that happens to everyone, I have nothing to worry about knowing you start thinking of me. On top of that, I think it's wonderful that when you do think of me, you start getting an erection."

"You have that effect on me. Maybe because you do things like buy the sausages I love."

"Maybe...Hmmmmm...you know? Your balls ARE kinda' fuzzy."

"Ho ho ho!..."

This will probably be the last of KENN RICHIE's stories. For those of you who've just joined us, KENN (his real name was Ron Collier) passed away last spring. Since he was on welfare and had no known family, we had to "purchase" his remains from the L.A. County-USC Mortuary. Many of his friends donated funds to help us reclaim him and lay him to rest with the dignity he deserved. On February 27, 1994, his ashes were spread on the grounds of THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS north of San Francisco. KENN was an award-winning playwright and a marvelous screenwriter with many films to his credit before he slipped into that nightmarish black hole of alcoholism. But he fought his way out and became a sort of gentle recluse. To survive, he began to write and sell erotic fiction. He heard of us in 1986 and submitted the piece of fiction that would lead us in the right direction. He would later prove to be our best supporter, spreading the word within his legion of pen pals. He will always be an integral part of this magazine. We will never let his memory die.

FICTION

THE DROWNING MAN

By John Peebles

Sonofabitch! Matt thought as he raced down the beach, blowing his whistle as loud as he could to attract the attention of the other lifeguards. He couldn't believe it. He'd watched the heavy-set, middle-age man strolling out on the jetty and had taken his eyes off him for a fraction of a second to scan the beach, and now there the guy was, ten feet down from where Matt had last seen him, struggling to keep his head above water, futilely trying to get a grip on the slimy piling at the base of the pier.

Matt reached the rough wood of the jetty and shifted into high gear as he escaped the tractionless sand. Unfortunately, now he wasn't able to see the victim; he got the sinking feeling that he was going to lose one. In three years on the job, he'd prided himself on not even coming close to an injury, much less a fatality. He knew that prevention was nine-tenths of his job, and he applied himself to that maxim conscientiously, getting kids out of the riptide areas (the calmest-looking water and the most treacherous), throwing the drunks off the beach, making sure every day that all his equipment was in top-notch repair, and doing the countless other things expected of him.

Starting to breathe hard from the exertion, Matt slowed to conserve his strength and counted the pilings, knowing the guy should be at about the fourth from the end. As he ran, he glanced quickly over his shoulder to see if Ronnie had made it to the jetty yet with the rope-and-ring and was relieved to see him almost there. *Good old reliable Ronnie.* Matt slowed his pace a little more, running carefully on the edge of the pier trying to catch a glimpse of his quarry. Sure enough, at the fifth piling from the end he caught sight of a pair of legs, and immediately launched himself into space, turning in the air as he did so. *Oh, no!* thought Matt. The guy had given up the struggle and his body lay face down in the surf, passively washing against the piling. He must have weighed 300 pounds, but his heft meant nothing against the relentless strength of the Pacific Ocean, even on a calm day like this one.

Matt smacked into the water, his body bent and angled, his legs kicking and his arms waving seemingly aimlessly, almost laughably, to keep himself from plunging too deeply under water, thereby losing sight of the downing man. As it was, his head did go under, but he kicked strongly and immediately popped to the surface. He quickly swam the ten feet to the man and turned him onto his back, carefully avoiding the piling (the barnacles below the surface could really do damage to bare flesh). He cupped his palm under the heavy chin and easily towed the big body out in the open, looking up for any sign of Ronnie. Almost immediately a life ring came soaring through the air, landing about five feet away, absolutely perfect. He tried to relax and concentrate on keeping the man's face out of the water, letting the life ring drift to him. If the guy had been smaller, Matt would have tried to get him up on the ring just a little to try preliminary mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but he was just too big and Matt knew there was no way. He just hoped they could get the poor guy to shore quickly enough to safe his life.

Matt hooked his left arm through the ring and, with great difficulty, gripped the big body in a cross-chest carry, his hip squarely in the middle of the man's back. Immediately he felt a tug on the rope and began scissor-kicking strongly and purposefully as Ronnie started towing them in. Matt timed his strongest kicks for the backwash and used the inward wave motion to help propel them forward; Ronnie kept the line taut and never let their forward motion stop.

The man's head lolled against Matt's chest and he caught a glimpse of the bloated and blue face. The eyes were tightly closed, the mouth distressingly slack. *I could have a dead man in my arms*, Matt thought, but immediately rejected the idea. "We're gonna make it, damnit," he murmured into the guy's graying, limp hair. "You just hang in there, sweetheart." He kicked powerfully, grunting with the effort, keeping himself low in the water but keeping both heads above the surface. Matt suddenly noticed that each time he kicked, his arm tightened, which forced water out of the man's mouth. Matt had never seen this happen before, but then he realized he had only done this while practicing with live, non-drowning volunteers. But it certainly made sense. Maybe there was a chance after all.

As soon as he hit shallow water, he was surrounded by the other lifeguards, who took the victim off his hands and hurriedly pulled him up on the beach. Unfortunately, this action also forced the man's bathing suit down his hips, past his knees and right off his body. Nobody really paid much attention; this was no time for modesty or prudery, but Matt picked up the suit and draped it over the man's crotch anyway as the CPR team went into action. Matt felt there should be some dignity, even if the man didn't make it. *Oh God, no,* Matt thought with real anguish. *He's got to make it, he's just got to!* His eyes were stinging and not just from the salty ocean water.

The CPR team knew their stuff and within

seconds they had the man breathing again. Seconds after that, the poor soul was twisting to his side, vomiting his guts up and moaning horribly. Naturally, the bathing suit hit the sand again. It didn't matter though, because he was immediately wrapped in a sheet, lifted onto a gurney and whisked away in the waiting ambulance.

Matt was strangely reluctant to see it drive away. The drama was all over and he had to go back to work. He looked around the beach. Only a few people had even noticed the dramatic episode, and those few were now wandering back to their blankets, or their kites. Some even went back into the water.

Suddenly Matt's knees gave out and he flopped on his butt in the sand. He felt nauseous and put his head between his legs and his elbows on his knees to clear his suddenly clogged brain. After a moment, he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to see Ronnie's anxious face.

"You okay, Matt?"

"Yeah, gimmie a minute."

"Okay, babe. You did good."

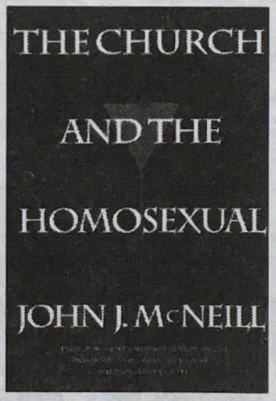
When Ronnie walked away, Matt looked up at the cloudless sky. He cupped his hands in the sand and swirled it around, making a pattern around his hips and feet. *Yeah, I did*, he thought, and grinned to himself. His swirling fingers touched something and he looked down. The poor guy's bathing suit was all wadded up and full of sand. *Some souvenir*, he thought and got to his feet, the suit hanging from his fingers. He walked into the water and rinsed it clean, then, wringing it out, he carried it back to his lifeguard stand. He was going to put it in his tote bag, then hesitated a moment. He wasn't sure why, but he didn't want to part with it just yet. He climbed onto his stand and laid it out to dry along the railing. He had saved someone's life today, and this was the proof of it. But there was more to it than that. The piece of cloth was a symbol linking him forever to this man, this person whose life he had saved.

After about half-an-hour the suit had dried completely, but he kept touching it, checking it out, almost caressing the material. Finally, he folded it precisely into a square, got down off his stand and gently put it into his tote, carefully zipping the bag closed. He stood up and gazed out at the beautiful, sparkling ocean. It looked so tranquil and benign on this beautiful day, hardly the scene of a near-tragedy. He glanced down at his bag, visualizing the bathing suit folded inside. He couldn't figure out why, but he seemed to be obsessed with it; he couldn't fathom his feelings at all. He was proud and elated, yet he felt sort of guilty, as if he had shoplifted a trifle from the five-and-dime. Without really thinking, he knelt down in the sand, zipped open the bag and, almost tenderly, removed the bathing suit. He climbed back into his seat and again draped his "souvenir" over the railing. The bright blue material swayed in the gentle breeze, shiny in the bright sun. Only then was he able to get back to work, surveying his domain, alertly watching for trouble.

For the rest of the afternoon he did his job, only occasionally letting his wandering fingers caress the soft, shiny cloth at his elbow.

We're very happy to have JOHN PEEBLES back with us. He's one of the best essay and erotic fiction writers of all time and has been widely published. Some of his best essays and more sizzling literary works have been published in CR/SWAN. People are still talking about "Amsterdam Nights," "When Lightning Strikes," and especially "Small Tax Warnings." John says, "Using the pseudonym 'Jason P. Williams,' my smut has been published in most of the one-handed mags in the U.S. For the real piggy stuff, I'm 'B.D. Studd.' For my nonfiction articles and artwork, I'm now using my actual handle. I only ask that you spell it right." He lives in New York with his stocky and incredibly sexy life mate of many years.

THE BEACON APPROACH



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CELEBRATING STONEWALL 25 WITH WIDE PRIDE

CONVERGENCE'94 in New York City

The Girth & Mirth Club of New York will host Convergence '94, which will be held at the Macklowe Hotel in New York City, September 2 through 5, 1994.

Regular registration price is $225.00 until July 15, 1994. Late registration price is $250.00 after July 15, 1994. Registration includes:

Friday, 9/2: Get acquainted cocktail party, including two free drinks and buffet. Cash bar.

Saturday, 9/3: Brunch, followed by special events.

Saturday, 9/3: G & M NY's party includes free beverages (soda, wine, beer) and special hors d'oeuvres. Mr. Chubby and Mr. Chaser of the Universe '94 contests.

Sunday, 9/4: Vendors' Hall. Buffet banquet, followed by entertainment. Cash bar.

Monday, 9/5: Farewell brunch. Drawing of winner of 50/50 raffle. Presentation for Convergence '95.

All meals will be buffet style. The hospitality suite will be open from 9/1 through 9/5. Other activities yet to be decided will be made available (e.g., Broadway theater matinee, a sightseeing tour). You will be notified of special events and extra costs, if any.

The Macklowe Hotel is located at 145 West 44th Street, between Broadway and 6th Avenue, in the heart of the theater district. Room rates are $109 plus tax per night, single or double occupancy. There is an extra charge for more than two in a room. You must make your own room reservations and mention Convergence '94 to get the special room rate. Call 1-800-MACKLOWE or (212) 768-4400.

For registration form and more information, contact Girth & Mirth Club of New York, P.O. Box 10, Pelham, NY 10803-0010.

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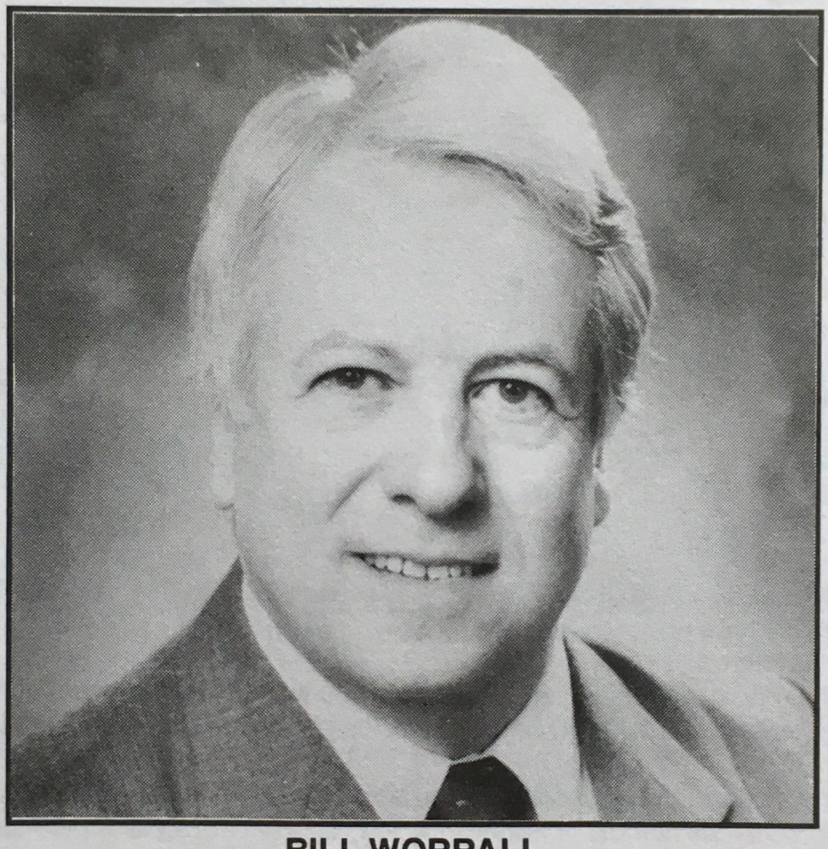
CHIRON RISING SPRING GATHERING - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
JUNE 5 THROUGH JUNE 8, 1994
RESERVATION AND REGISTRATION INFORMATION

THE HOTEL AND RESERVATION INFORMATION

The ALADDIN HOTEL AND CASINO, 3667 Las Vegas Blvd., South - A block or so south of Bally's, Caesar's Palace, The Mirage and Flamingo, and a block north of the Tropicana, Excalibur, MGM Grand and Luxor. The Aladdin features 1,200 suites and rooms, 3 gourmet restaurants, a coffee shop, a snack bar, a buffet restaurant, 24-hour room service, swimming pool, tennis courts, a 700-seat showroom ("Country Tonight"), a 100-seat lounge, and a 7,000-seat theatre for the performing arts. Rooms are elegantly appointed and feature private safes, a choice of two double beds or one king, and spectacular views. McCarran International Airport is less than 3 miles away. The Aladdin's casino is 50,000 square feet, airy (not at all smoky), and claims to have some of the loosest slot machines in Las Vegas. This hotel cares about guest safety and has installed an elaborate security system with video monitors overlooking all hallways on every floor.



BILL WORRALL

ROOM RATES: An unbelievable $36, exclusive of taxes. That's $36 per ROOM, or $18 per person, double occupancy. No more than two to a room, please. Room rates are applicable from June 3 through June 10, based on allotment. The hotel will hold these rates until May 1, 1994, or sell-out), whichever comes first.

RESERVATIONS AND TERMS: Room reservations may be made by calling the hotel at (800) 634-3424 and stating that you are part of the *Chiron Rising* group. A one night's room deposit will be required, as well as a security deposit for telephone charges. Since this price is based upon our being able to fulfill our allotment, all attendees are required to stay in the host hotel (unless one lives in the Las Vegas area or the hotel sells out of rooms). Check-in can be no earlier than 3:00 p.m., and check-out must be no later than 12:00 noon.

CR REGISTRATION FEE AND TERMS

$120.00 per person, payable to *Chiron Rising*. Cancellations prior to April 30, 1993, will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25.00. However, there can be no refunds after May 1, 1994, because we will have fully paid the hotel in advance. Special considerations will be made in matters of documented emergency. Of course, if we have sold out, your check will be returned with our condolences.

INCLUDED IN REGISTRATION PACKAGE

Food, beverage and entertainment as indicated in COUNTDOWN TO LAS VEGAS on page 20 of this issue. No alcoholic beverages are included.

WHO'S INVITED

All mature men and their male admirers regardless of color, size, sexual orientation, political affiliation, religion and age (must be over 18, however). You do not have to be a CR subscriber, but you must register with CR in order to gain entry to the functions.

HOW TO REGISTER

Simply tell us you're coming and remit the appropriate funds to *Chiron Rising*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. In your note, state:

1. The full names and addresses of the persons you are registering so we can confirm receipt.
2. Your preference of smoker or nonsmoker and your telephone number ONLY IF YOU WANT A ROOMMATE (we haven't the time to pair you up by age or physical attributes, so please don't ask). We will advise the address and telephone number of your assigned roommate, and the two of you can decide on who makes/alters your reservations.

See you all there. And as model SHOE says, "LET'S DO IT SOME MORE IN NINETY-FOUR!"

The CR Staff

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST. IF YOU ARE SUBSCRIBING, MAKE SURE YOU ADVISE WHETHER YOU WANT TO START WITH THE CURRENT ISSUE OR THE UPCOMING NEW ONE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
'93: #57, #58, #59, #60	3.00	6.00

(NOTE: Due to an unprecedented rush on back issues, we have sold out of all CR issues through 56 and CR CLASSICS #1.)

CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93	5.00	7.00
#3 - FALL/WINTER 93/94	5.00	7.00
#4 - SPRING/SUMMER 94 (AVAILABLE 5/1/94)	8.00	10.00

We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere.

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #62 (JUNE '94), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN APRIL15, 1994

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna,Phelan]

THE FINAL WORD

Many readers were moved to tears by last issue's "Until Death Do Us Part," a true story by SERGEANT JOE. But there are so many bittersweet stories yet to be told. Most of those men who are left behind don't know how to begin to relate the experience as eloquently as did The Sarge. Without a doubt, it is probably the most painful event of our lives, and that pain is so crippling that finding the words to relate the anguish is next to impossible. Imagine trying to understand the feeling if you've never experienced such a tragedy. Intellectually, we know the odds if we love an older man. If we're smart, we have well-crafted wills drawn up and obtain durable powers of attorney for health care. We go through dry runs in our minds: how to do CPR, which hospital to go to in an emergency, at what point do we recognize our mate's denial of something serious and call 911 anyway. But when we try to envision what would happen if we lost our mates, some protective mechanism kicks in and we think of something else.

CHET 2/10/21 - 2/14/94 **JOE 3/15/22 - 2/12/94**

Those of us who are lucky enough to have found the loves of our lives might find some sort of bizarre consolation in the romantic notion of dying at the same time. Just think: no mind-numbing grief, no picking up the pieces. Only in the movies, you say? Picture two men clinging together on the angled deck of the Titanic or grabbing one another as their plane falls from the sky. But it does happen. Lots of couples die together in auto accidents.

But is it possible to will yourself to die of a broken heart? How many times have you heard of a man losing his wife or male life mate and falling into a spiral of failing health, eventually succumbing in a matter of months?

How about almost the same day? Ft. Lauderdale CR model ,CHET, passed away two days after his beloved life mate of 27 years, JOE, also a CR model. Chet Davidson, a diabetic, was already suffering from heart and liver ailments, and Joe Mitchell had assumed the role of health care provider. Everyone was convinced that Joe would have to bear the grief of eventually losing Chet. But last January 30th, Joe suffered a massive heart attack and went into a coma. He was placed on life support while good friend Ed Camp and Chet waited and hoped, ultimately wondering if they should try to find Joe's living will. As Joe continued to decline, all hope seemed to drift away. Then on February 8th, Chet was admitted into the same hospital and summoned Ed to find Joe's living will.

Ed says that when he brought the will to the hospital, he and Chet talked about it one more time. Hardly able to describe the scene, Ed quoted Chet upon looking at the document: "Funny, but my whole world is centered on one man." He smiled plaintively and nodded for Ed to take the living will to the hospital staff. A short time later, he slipped into a coma himself.

The hospital granted Joe's ultimate request and took him off life support, placing him in a private room. He died on Saturday, February 12th. Chet passed away on the 14th.

Ed, a "friend of the court" and dear friend of Chet and Joe, made it possible for the couple's last wishes to be granted. Joe and Chet were cremated together on February 24th and their ashes conjoined with the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Ft. Lauderdale on the 25th.

As of this writing, Ed is emotionally drained and cries often. It took so much out of him, but he was determined to go to the wall for his friends. Chet and Joe were so very lucky to have a friend like Ed.

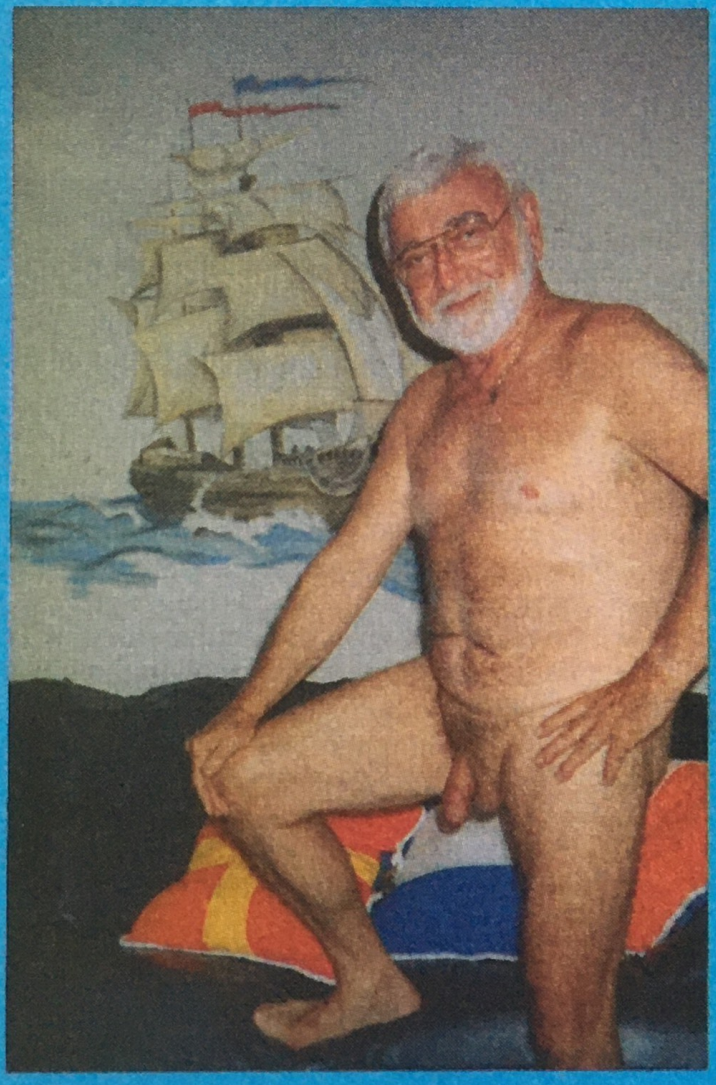
Many will miss these two very dear men. The Las Vegas Gathering won't be the same without them. They just aren't the kind of people one forgets that easily. What you see here is the way they were and the way they will always be thought of by us.

It was a match made in heaven, and the end was more beautiful than anything some screenwriter could dream up.

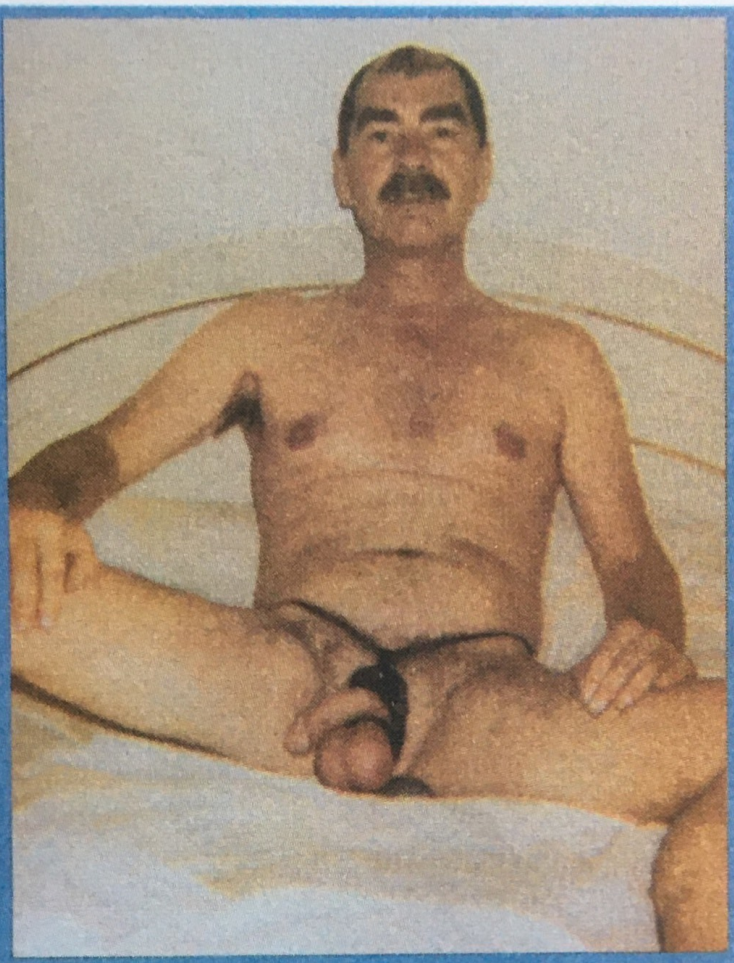
Take care of each other. May you all have an emerald-green spring with lots of blue sky.

See you at the gathering in Las Vegas.

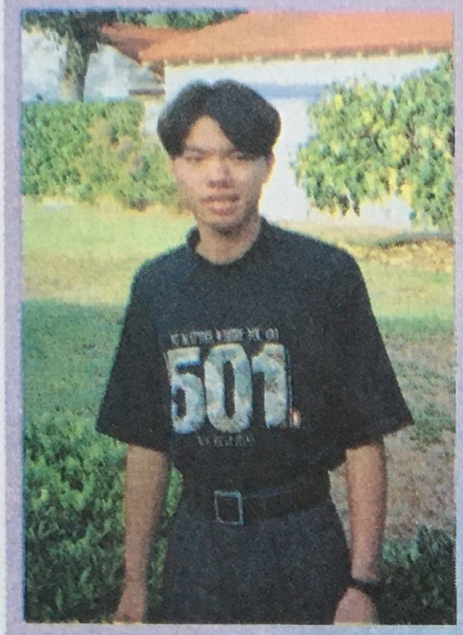
ALL THE GUYS AT CR

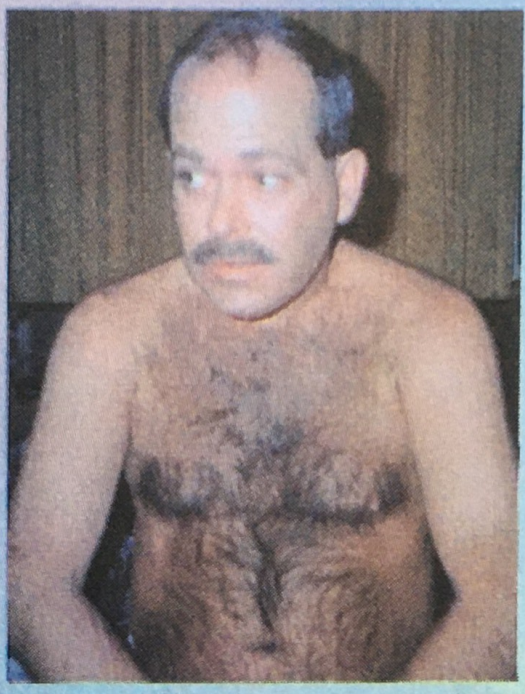


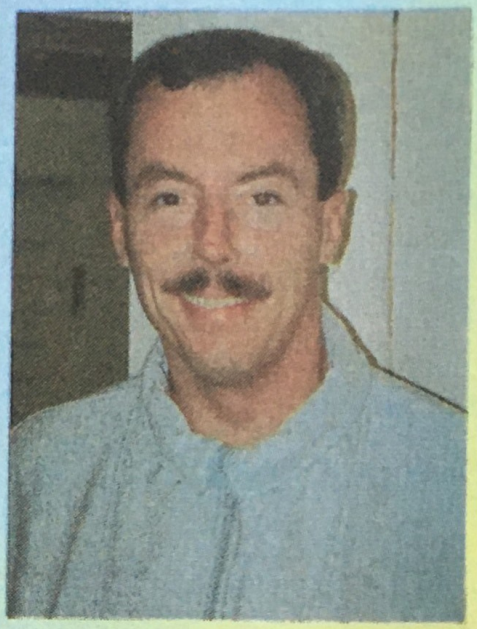
Top, left to right: **JOEL, LARRY & THOM** - photo by JOEL; **LOU** - photo by BUZZ. Bottom: **ROMULUS** - a self-portrait; **BUZZ** - photo by LOU.

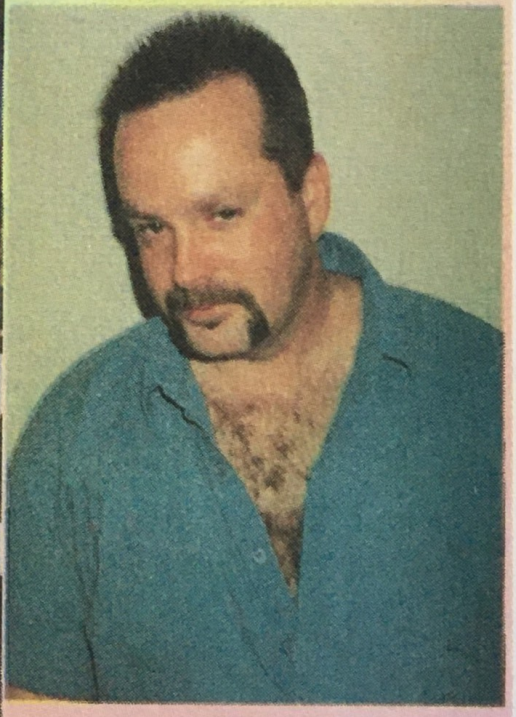


Top, left to right: **BAY AREA DICK** - photo by MARC; **L.G.** - self portrait. Bottom, left to right: **GLABROUS** - photo by BAMBOO; **KONA-JEM** - self portrait.

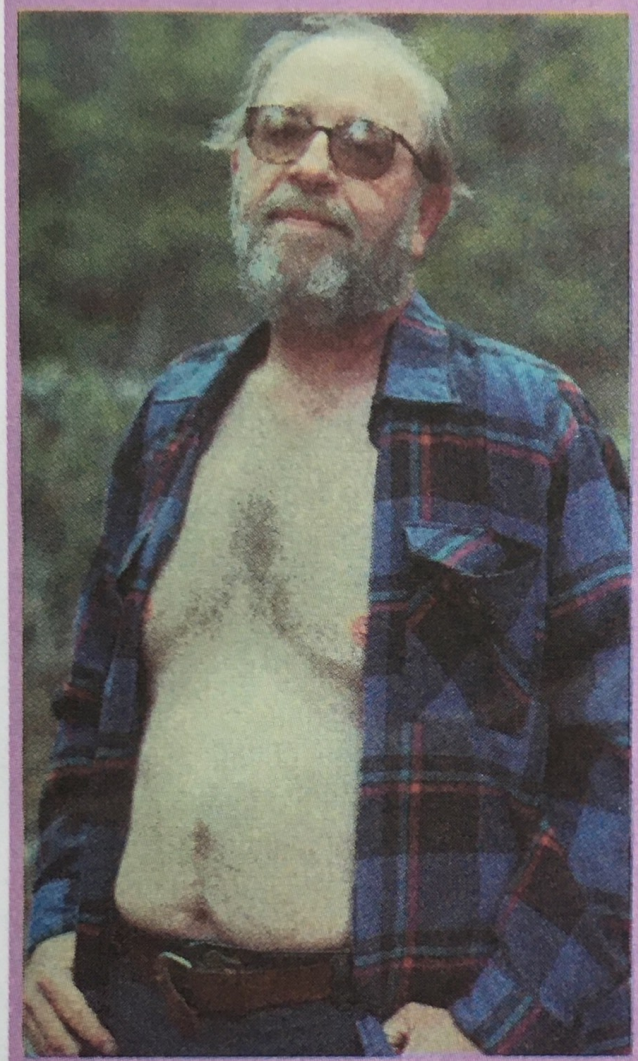






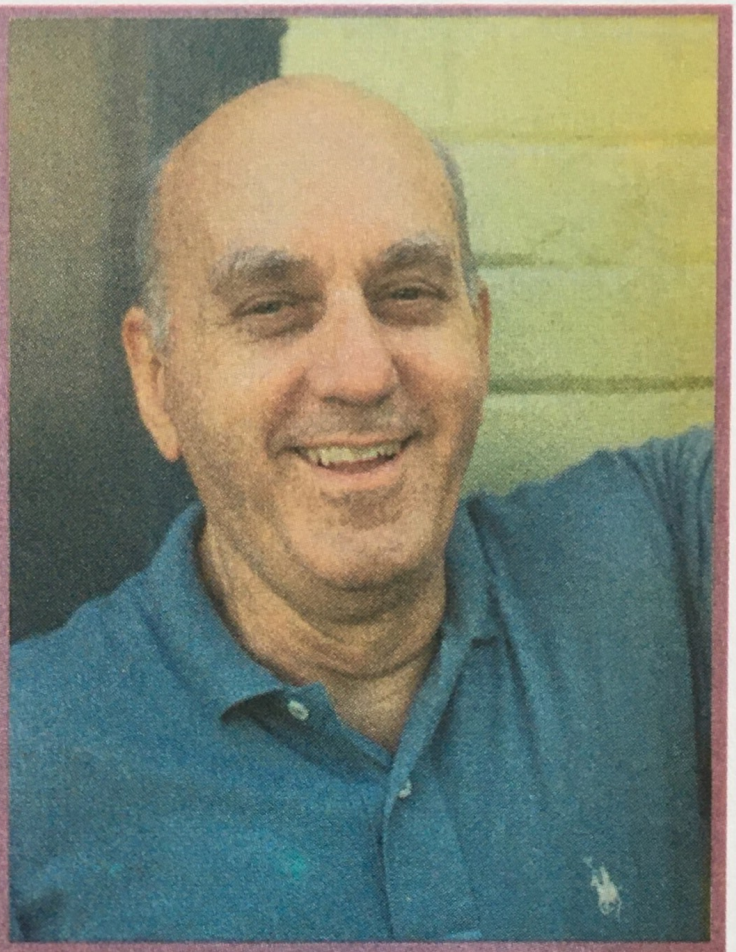


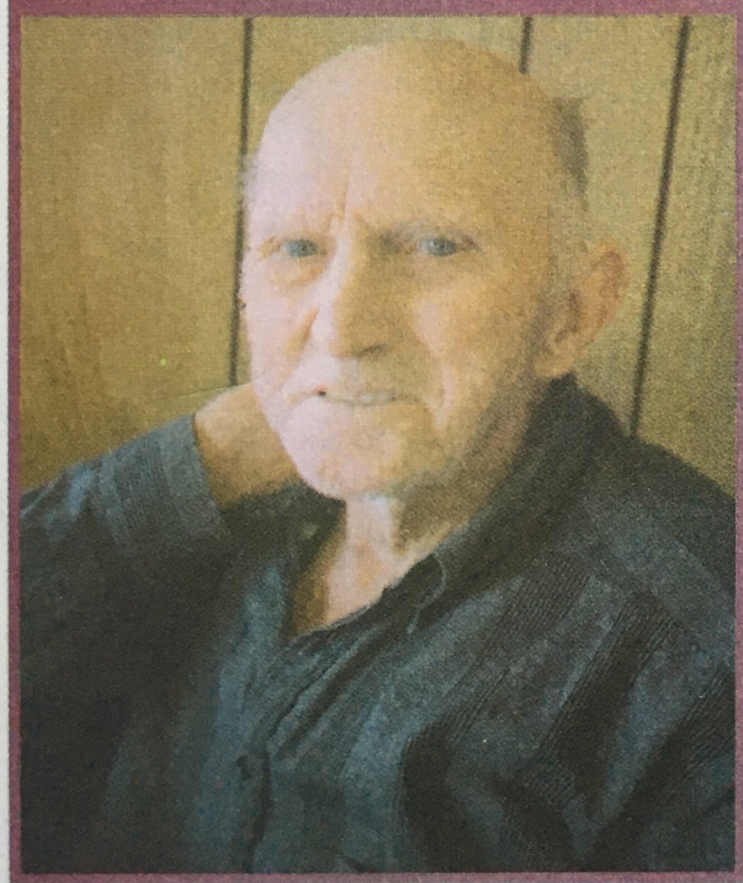
Top, left to right: **JOHN W.** - self portrait; **NATE** - photo by STEFON; **BIFF** - photo by M.P. Bottom, left to right: **THE ILLINOIS TONGUE** - photo by BRENT M.; **COWBOY CUB** - photo by DON L.; **C.L. DODD** - photo by BILL M.



Top, left to right: **SAGEBRUSH**- photo by JOEL; **MARSHAL** - photo by TUCKER. Bottom, left to right: **CAPE CODDER**, photo by JASSAD; **LONESOME DOVE** - photo by NUTHATCH

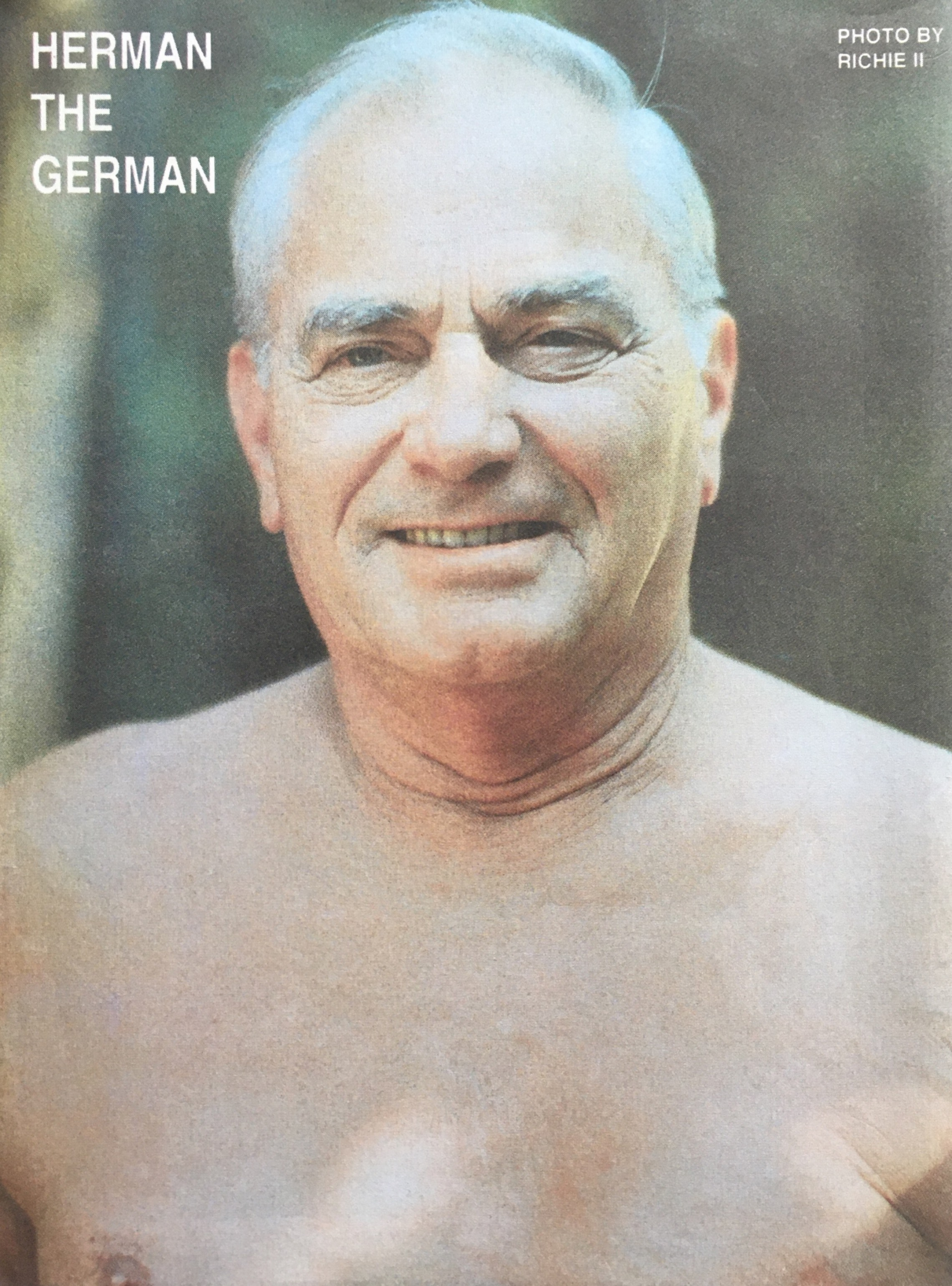
SENIOR PORTRAITS





Top, left to right: **HAPPY PAPPY** - photo by ROBBIE; **CLAY PUSHER** - photo by WILL T. Bottom, left to right: **MADISON** - photo by MARSHAL; **ST. PETER** - self portrait

Top, left to right: **SOCCEROO** - photo by BAZZA; **TASSIE TIGER** - photo by BAZZA.
Bottom, left to right: **A.J. ESQ.** - self portrait; **JOE DON** - photo by JAY W.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RICHIE II